

AUGUST 20, 1881

# THE GRAFIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 612.—Vol. XXIV.

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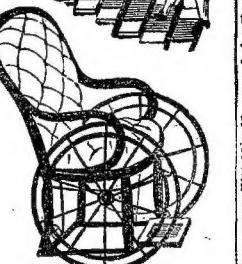
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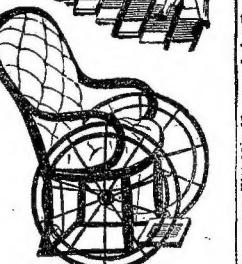
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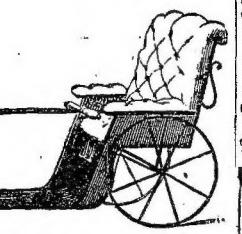
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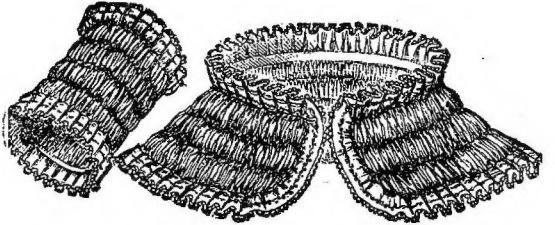
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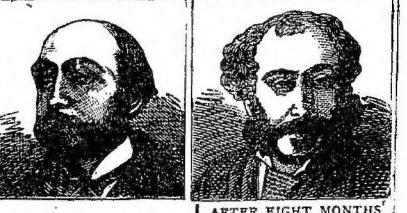
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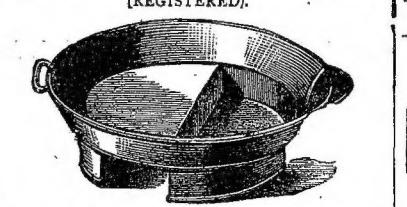


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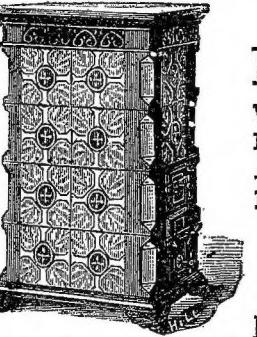
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# THE PHOTOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 612.—VOL. XXIV.  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881

PRICE SIXPENCE  
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AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN THE GREAT HALL OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE  
IN AID OF THE PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER'S PROPOSED CONVALESCENT HOME



**THE LAND BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.**—The Lords have been rewarded for the spasm of opposition which overtook them at the last stage of the Land Bill. They have not held out with the obstinacy which the Marquis of Salisbury at first threatened, but with quite enough to secure a diminution in the significance of the Bill. The list of amended amendments which the leader of the Opposition was able to submit to the Upper House was considerable. The obnoxious Seventh Clause has not been amended, but it has been so far reduced that tenant-right is no longer to be defined as a deduction from the fair rent when a farm is taken. Money payment is to be only one of various allowable ways in which a tenant is to be compensated for improvements. Landlords who have purchased the tenant-right under the Ulster custom are to be protected in their purchases. Evictions are not, as Mr. Parnell dictated, to be unconditionally suspended. The Law Court is to be free of access to both parties. Notwithstanding these concessions, it is not surprising that the Bill should be passed on "with a hope rather than a trust that it may be a great benefit to the Irish tenant, and not of much harm to the Irish landlord." The majority of the Lords know too well its bearing on the ultimate value of their land and the future of their territorial position to offer it the feeblest show of cordiality. Even Earl Granville has hailed it with something less than his usual placidity. "If agitation," he says, "should unfortunately continue, we will not relax our vigour and energy in maintaining the majesty and authority of the law."

**THE LAND BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**—The compromise which pacified the Lords was naturally irritating to the Extreme Left of the House of Commons. The Land Bill owes its completion to the magnanimous silence of that section. With an immense capacity for talk, it has consistently remained mute, and voted, without deviation, as it was asked by the Treasury Bench. And it expected to be rewarded with "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." There is reason to suppose that it even regarded the opposition of the Lords with some degree of pleasure, supplying as it did an opportunity for their humiliation, too seldom afforded in the progress of legislation. To judge from the language used at the meeting of the National Liberal Association, nothing short of the abolition of the House of Lords was thought of, in the event of any serious tampering with the Bill from above. So it was not surprising that disappointment at Mr. Gladstone's conciliatory attitude should have taken the form of bitterness and menace. The compromise is quite as distasteful to the Obstructives, who earlier had reason to congratulate themselves that at least one amendment of their leader had been incorporated in the Bill. There is, indeed, some prospect that, owing to the withdrawal of the amendment, the unrelaxed energy in asserting the promised authority of the law will be fully required.

**M. GAMBETTA AND THE ELECTIONS.**—One cannot help thinking of M. Sardou's clever political play, *Rabagás*, and its democratic hero in connection with M. Gambetta's fiasco at Belleville. The spectacle of the once darling of the Irreconcileables, now denounced as a "Dictator," and unable to obtain a hearing, turning upon his former followers, calling them slaves, and telling them that they are not worthy of liberty, seems like a reproduction of the famed last act. As we remarked last week, M. Gambetta has been too cautious for the taste of the extreme Radical portion of his following. Nay, more, he has since given out plainly that their pet dream of a separation between Church and State was not to be fulfilled, and has inveighed against the party of "chimera and violence." No wonder then that the worthy Bellevilleites should express their disappointment at such backsliding on the part of their old leader. If, however, M. Gambetta loses ground with the Radicals by his opportunism, he certainly will win considerable favour with the more moderate minds. Indeed, now that M. Ferry has hauled down his "no revision" flag there is nothing to divide the great mass of the Republican party, and M. Gambetta can entertain no doubt of the ultimate result of to-morrow's elections. The fact that a large number of reactionists are retiring from the contest, and that their places will be taken by Republicans staunch and true, will ensure him a large majority without the assistance of the Extreme party, upon whose support for the future it is evident that he will not wholly be able to count. Moreover, M. Gambetta's moderation will reassure the country at large, which, content with a *régime* which has restored France to her former European position, is by no means anxious to see any violent constitutional changes effected. There is one alarmist note, however, in M. Gambetta's recent utterances which cannot be passed by without comment—the covert allusion to Alsace-Lorraine. One cannot forget that M. Gambetta was the *guerre à outrance* leader in 1870, and that he has never ceased to hint that France will some day recover her lost provinces. Such a prospect is, of course, pleasing to French vanity, and when held forth naturally renders the speaker popular with his hearers. Still, whether it is wise for a statesman like M. Gambetta, whose elevation to the supreme power is generally considered to be simply a matter of years, to hold forth

hopes which he himself may be called upon to fulfil, is a matter of doubt. M. Gambetta, however, grows more cautious and moderate with every lustrum. The treatment he experienced at the hands of the Bellevilleites is an evidence of this, and the Gambetta of Belleville and of the Elysée will probably prove as different a person as the Irreconcileable of 1899 and the President of the Chamber of 1881.

**THE NAVY.**—The gentleman who represents the Naval Department in the House of Commons never has a very easy time of it. There is always an outcry that our naval supremacy is in peril, that one country has just built a bigger ship than we possess, that another owns a powerful gun, or that a third is using armour plates an inch thicker than our own vessels carry. Moreover, by common consent, the Navy is looked upon, politically speaking, as neutral ground, so that speakers on both sides join in badgering the unfortunate member in charge of "England's walls" for the time being. As everybody can—or thinks he can—poke a fire, edit a paper, and carve a joint better than his neighbour, so every member of Parliament—as an Englishman—can rule the "Queen's Navee" better than his colleagues. And yet, as Mr. Trevelyan showed on Tuesday evening, we can still boast of having the largest and most powerful fleet in the world. Gallophobists will be glad to hear that our vessels considerably outnumber those of our chief maritime rival France, and, moreover, are much more heavily armed, while there are ten new monsters on the stocks of the latest and most approved models. At the same time, as building Brobdingnagian vessels must have some bounds, and as even the British taxpayer cannot afford to construct an unlimited fleet of Leviathans at a cost of a million apiece, the Admiralty have wisely come to the conclusion that some of their money shall be devoted to building smaller and handier vessels. In these days, when big guns and torpedoes are certainly getting the better of the thickest armour, it is prudent not to put too many eggs into one basket, particularly as a new type of vessel is produced every few years which renders its predecessors "obsolete." Moreover, there is something in Mr. Trevelyan's plea for a few "unsensational" vessels, on joining which an officer would feel comparatively at home, and not as though he had to "learn a new profession." In war time, truly, a commander would probably have very little time allotted to master all the various forms of intricate machinery and novel arrangements which appear to differ with each type of vessel. The Admiralty cannot make up its mind what big gun to adopt, but, taking it all in all, Mr. Trevelyan may be congratulated on having soothed the apprehensions of his despondent colleagues, and on having proved, in the words of the Jingo anthem, that at least "we've got the ships."

**FREE TRADE AND EMIGRATION.**—The debate upon Mr. Ritchie's motion in connection with the French Commercial Treaty was illumined by an argument from Mr. Chamberlain, which is presumed to have much weight. In proving the advantages under which the working classes of England laboured from Free Trade, he pointed to the recent emigration statistics of Germany, and contrasted them with English statistics. "Emigration from this country has decreased, whereas in the over-protected country—our rival as it is called—Germany, the emigration has increased tremendously." It may be safely said, however, that nothing has less to do with German emigration than the question of restrictive tariffs. Germans are growing weary of the intolerable load of military service; they resent the best years of their lives being given over to an art which promises to be of no subsequent use to them; and they go to alien colonies to avoid the tyranny of it. They are not starved out because Protection has put a monopoly price upon their coffee and black bread. The only emigration statistics which would be of much use to the advocates of English Free Trade would have to show that the German workmen of the manufacturing districts are being driven from industries because they are protected. There is reason to believe, on the contrary, that Germans who have protected industries stay at home to work them. And English workmen who do not emigrate are asked to be happy because Free Trade has given them a free breakfast table, though protected foreign competition has in the mean time emptied many of their pockets of the pence with which they used to pay for it.

**NORTHERN AFRICA.**—Lord Granville has probably calmed a good many minds by his declarations with regard to Tripoli. And yet the state of Northern Africa is one which must cause grave forebodings to any but the most optimist mind. The agitation in Algeria and Tunis which is now giving the French authorities so much trouble, and which they themselves expect to increase to a dangerous extent when cooler weather renders military operations more feasible, can hardly be prevented from affecting the neighbouring States. The course of events also advances so quickly that the smallest incident, or the over-zeal of a Consul anxious to emulate M. Roustan's success, may create a general conflagration, the end of which it would be difficult to predict. France, Lord Granville tells us, has given him "assurances of the most definite character," but, however well-meant and sincere such assurances may be at the moment, history has shown their worth in troublous times, and it would be difficult for France to abstain from interference in a State which was aiding and abetting a hostile movement against herself. Then, again, in Egypt the renewed agita-

tion amongst the soldiery, and the tendency to revive the old Mameluke *régime*, appears to be on the increase. If the Khedive—as seems far from unlikely—should lose control over his troops, and appeal to the Foreign Powers for advice and assistance, there will be no little danger of a revival of that triangular duel between France, England, and Italy which is so prominent a feature in all Egyptian crises, and which, brought to an acute stage, could only be fraught with danger to the peace of Europe. All things considered, we hope Lord Granville will—as he promised on Tuesday—"keep his eyes open," and particularly in the direction of the northern seaboard of the Mediterranean.

**POSTAL ECCENTRICITIES.**—As usual, the Report of the Postmaster-General for the year contains a list of the absurdities which the public thinks itself justified in dropping into letter-boxes. There is nothing absurd in a live kitten sporting at its own fireside, with its paw on its own ball of worsted; but stamped, addressed, and mewing plaintively, it becomes so. The same may be said of a dead rat or a sausage; on the naturalist's table the former is very well; inside a Pomeranian so is the latter; but these, and the pots of clotted cream, the salads, and the parcels of prunes mentioned in the Report, are "matter in the wrong place." Whether they are seriously or jocularly sent, it seems certain that they have a demoralising effect upon the servants of the public to whose care they are entrusted. Turning to the Telegraph Department, where, even in the present advanced state of electrical science, such articles cannot be "wired," the clerks seem to have revenged the wrongs of their postal colleagues upon the public by occasionally conveying startling intelligence, which the nominal sender of the message never dreamed of transmitting. Thus, the "dear boy" of one telegram, whose birth was announced to a parent at a distance, was changed into "a deal box." Another message sent a coasting skipper to Dunkirk for a cargo when his real destination was Dundalk. The group of admirers who recently applauded Mr. Bradlaugh in Trafalgar Square became many hundreds of thousands by wire. Altogether the game is an unequal one, and the clerks are in a position, if they like to run the risk of disgrace, to avenge themselves on their employers, who should adopt less provoking methods of transmitting their kittens and clotted cream.

**OUR SAILORS.**—The deputation of seamen which waited upon Mr. Chamberlain on Monday has once more raised the oft-discussed question of Jack Tar's extreme unthriftiness. While in almost every other section of the community there has been a marked improvement socially speaking, Jack remains just what he was half-a-century since—a reckless, devil-may-care fellow, who at the beginning of a voyage mortgages his wages to pay past debts, and at its conclusion spends the remainder in less time than than it has taken him to beat up the Channel. It is true that, thanks to training-ships and institutions, there are a few praiseworthy exceptions, while harbour missionaries and Sailors' Homes have done much good work, but the great mass of seamen are unchanged, and still fall only too willing victims to that maritime vampire the crimp. It was mainly to thwart this benevolent gentleman's designs upon poor Jack's hard-earned money that the Legislature abolished the system of advanced notes. These, payable when the sailor joined the vessel, were taken at an enormous discount by the crimp, who, making his client drunk, bundled him on board, and claimed payment for goods delivered. By the new "allotment notes," which are only due a month after date, and moreover cannot legally be discounted, a check is placed upon this system of robbery. But now Jack complains that as he is unable to pay his debts by the new system, his kit and clothes are detained, and he is debarred from joining his vessel. Moreover, he asks, what are his wife and children to do during the month that the note has to run? He seems to look upon it as a natural order of things that he should be in debt, and that his family should have spent the last penny of his previous earnings when he embarks. That matters should be otherwise apparently does not occur to him. Yet his very arguments against the new system tell powerfully in its favour, and if Jack is thus compelled to exercise a little thrift, and the harpies who prey upon him be balked of some of their spoil, the measure may be regarded as one of the most valuable reforms that have ever been instituted in our mercantile navy.

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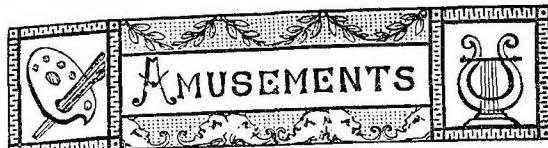
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AUGUST 20, 1881

## THE GRAPHIC



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VOLUME XXIII.

OF

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## AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT HAMPTON COURT

On Friday, the 5th inst., the Great Hall of Hampton Court was the scene of an amateur performance given by a number of ladies and gentlemen in aid of the fund for the establishment of a Convalescent Home for Poor Women after Childbirth, projected by H.R.H. the Princess Frederica of Hanover (Baroness Pawel von Rammingen). In old times, from the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth down to those of George II., masques and plays were wont to be exhibited in this noble old hall, but it is believed that nothing of the kind had taken place therein since the year 1731, when, as related in the life of Colley Cibber, dramatic entertainments were given in honour of the Duke of Lorraine. The recent event, therefore, partook of the nature of a historical revival. It is not the custom to subject entertainments of this description to minute criticism; but we may say that the performances of Lady Monckton and Sir Charles Young, Bart., in the latter's clever little sketch called *Yellow Roses*, and also in his adaptation from the French, entitled *Tears*, from which our artist has selected a scene for illustration, was in merit much above the average of amateur performances. With all this was a rather extensive programme of vocal and instrumental music, to which Mesdames Viard Louis and Dax Dalton, and MM. Monari Rocca, Oberthür, and De Monaca, contributed their services. The great hall was completely filled by a company including, among other distinguished persons, the Duchess of Teck, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and her husband, the Baron von Pawel Rammingen, General Sir Frederick Roberts and his aged mother, who resides within the precincts of the Palace, Lord and Lady Petre, Lady Cavagnari, Mrs. Ward Hunt, Lady Hill, Lady Cecil Gordon, Lady Margaret Bourke, Lady Torrens, and Lady Mountmores.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS  
OF LORNE—MILITARY MANOEUVRES AT HALIFAX

THESE sketches were taken at some military and naval manoeuvres at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which were witnessed by our artist while on his way to join the Marquis of Lorne. He writes:—

"On the Combination Rock" shows the final attack on the redoubt held by Colonel Drayson with artillery and blue-jackets against

Colonel Cameron, with the 101st, the 19th, and Militia. The last rush up the *glacis* looked very like the real thing.

"No. 2 is the 'March Past.' Talking to His Excellency and on foot is Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, behind him are Sir Patrick Macdonald, Colonel de Winton, and Captain Chater. Immediately behind them is Lady MacIntosh. Sketch No. 3 is the embrasure on St. George's Island, on the day of the Torpedo experiments. Some pretty girls were seated in the shade on the grass, and some spoony middies were flirting at the cannon's mouth. No. 4 is the attack on the harbour of Halifax by H.M.S. *Tenedos*, the harbour is supposed to be protected by mines and by a boom, which is just being blown up. The forts are firing on the ship.

"In No. 5 we have 'War to the Knife—and Fork,' or the annihilation of a neutral civilian.

"This happened to me at dinner at Sir Patrick Macdonald's, on the evening of the manoeuvres. I was seated between the rival commanders, who fought their battle over again, over my almost dead body, till the general sent a waiter down with the order to dead body, till the general sent a waiter down with the order to

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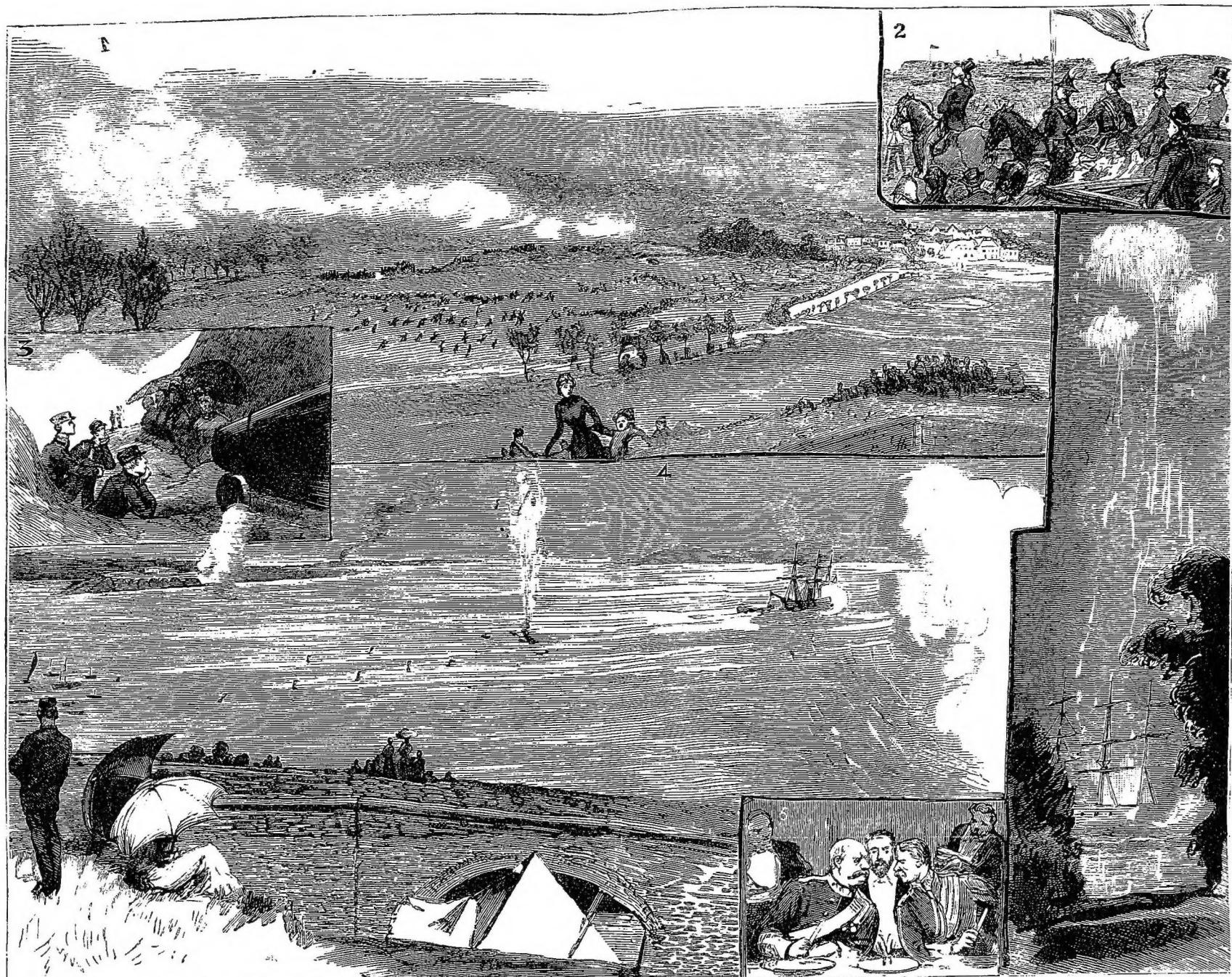
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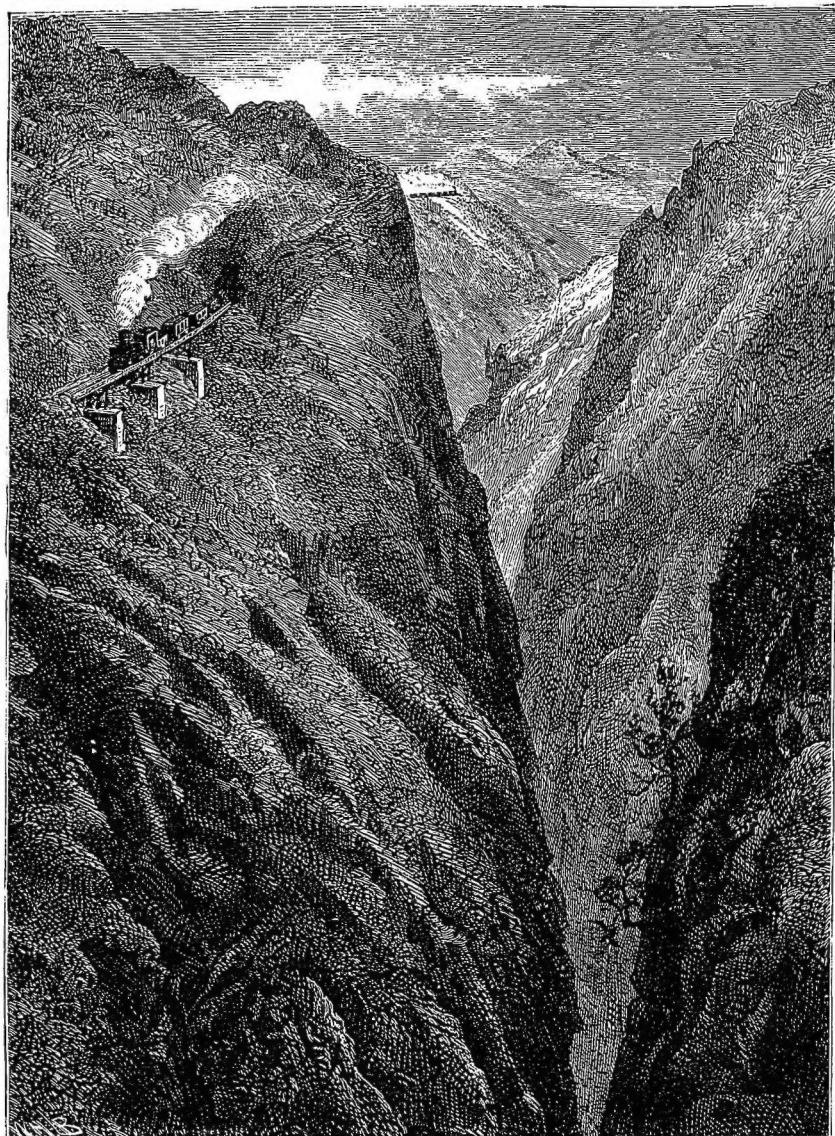
1. On the Combination Rock.—2. The March Past.—3. An Embrasure on St. George's Island during the Torpedo Experiments.—4. The Attack on the Harbour by H.M.S. *Tenedos*.—5. War to the Knife—and Fork.—6. The *Northampton* Illuminated.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT HALIFAX



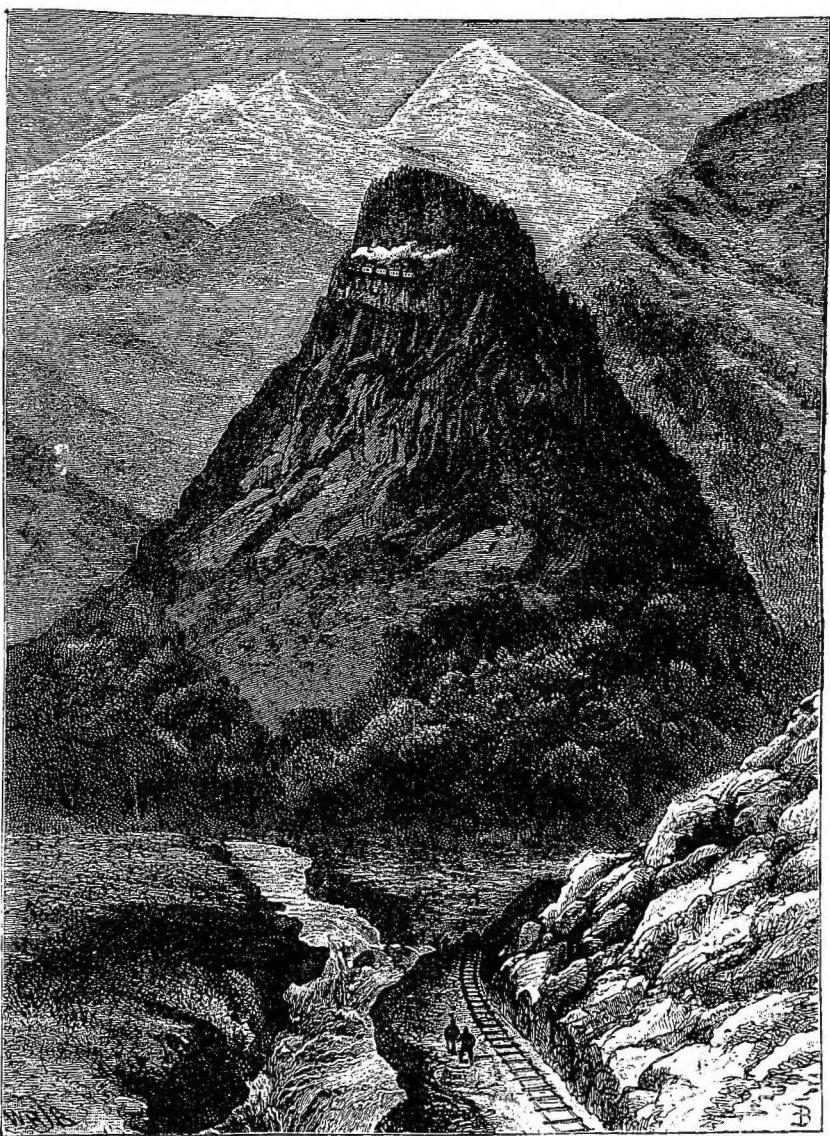
QUEBEC—SCALP DRESSING IN THE NORTH-WEST

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—II.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL.

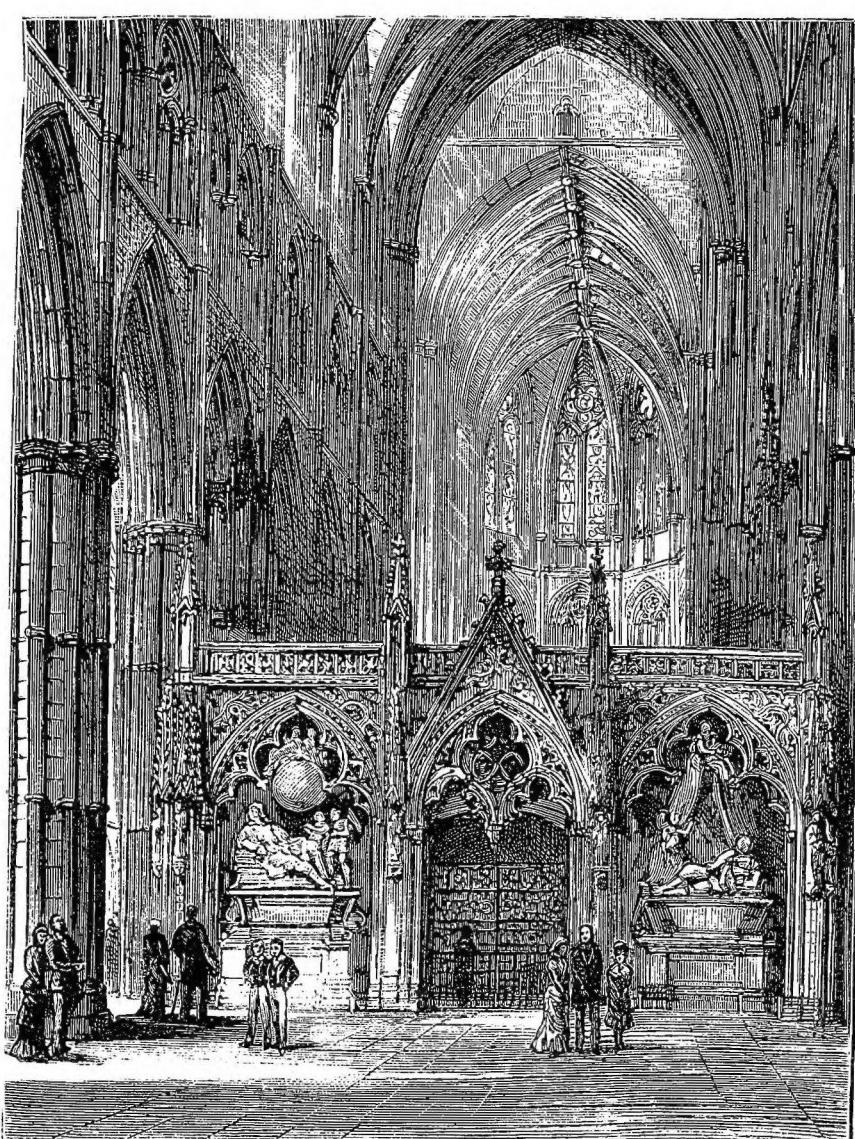


TOLTEC GORGE IN THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS

VIEWS ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY, NEW MEXICO

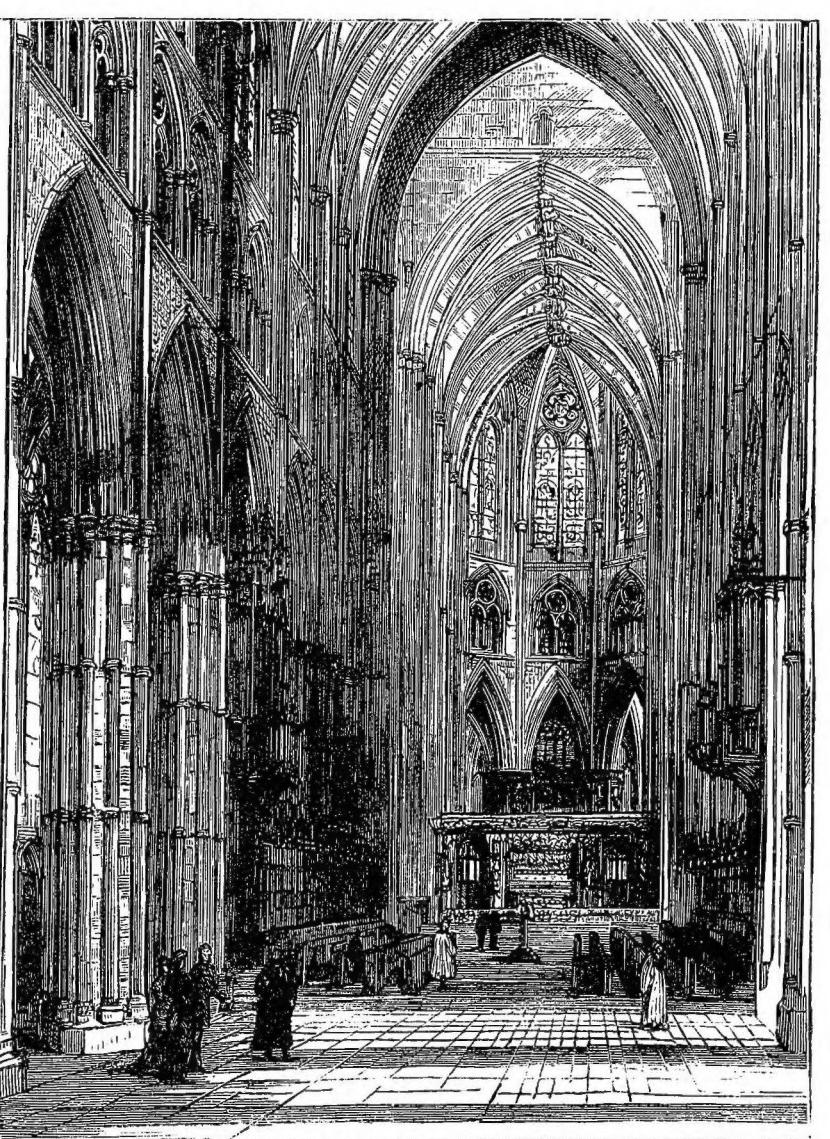


THE VETA PASS—THE "SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE" IN THE DISTANCE



THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY AS AT PRESENT

PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF THE CHOIR SCREEN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY



THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY WITH THE SCREEN REMOVED

## THE GRAPHIC

4,000<sup>l.</sup> to provide a building for the accommodation of students of all Denominations attending the college. The *Hare* was laden with a cargo of prepared timber, sash frames, &c., intended for this building, which is now in course of erection, and as soon as she arrived a rumour got abroad that the materials imported were intended to supersede Irish work, and that Mr. Bence Jones was connected with the undertaking. A 'trades' meeting was immediately held, and the result was that the vessel was Boycotted, and the men engaged to unship the cargo abandoned the work. This was about the middle of July, and for about three weeks the *Hare* lay idle alongside the quay. Last week, however, an Emergency party sent by Mr. Bence Jones undertook to discharge the cargo, and, under the protection of the armed police and the military, accomplished the work of removing it to the new building. Their proceedings were watched by a crowd of malcontents, who hissed and hooted at intervals, but attempted no active interference other than by cutting trenches across the road at night in various places in order to impede the work. Dr. Webster has been hooted in the street, and has received a letter threatening his life and that of Mr. Bence Jones, and it is feared that an attempt will be made to blow up the new building as soon as it is completed.

## VOLUNTEER CAMP IN CHARNWOOD FOREST

THE ancient forest of Charnwood in Robin Hood's time extended from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, near Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, to the neighbourhood of Rotherham, in Yorkshire. That wild and picturesque portion of it which formed the camping-ground of the First Leicestershire Volunteers during the first week of this month, is situated in Beaumanor Park, the estate of Mrs. Perry Herrick, at whose invitation the camp was held there. As will be seen in our engraving, the "Hanging Rocks," which are of volcanic origin, extend for a great distance, and rise to a considerable height above the smooth green slopes upon which the tents were pitched. The regiment, numbering over 900 strong, under Colonel Sir H. St. John Halford, Bart., encamped on Saturday, July 30th, and remained until Saturday, the 6th inst., when the tents were struck and the men marched back to the headquarters at Leicester, some nine miles distant. During the week the daily routine of drill was varied by Church parade on the Sunday, which, owing to the rain, was held in the mess tent, and was attended by a large number of the neighbouring residents. Monday (Bank Holiday) was devoted to athletic sports, which were witnessed by some thousands of spectators, amongst whom were Mrs. Herrick, and the guests who were staying at Beaumanor. And on the Thursday another large crowd assembled in the Home Park, where the regiment was paraded for inspection by Colonel Blewett, who complimented both officers and men upon the way in which the various exercises were gone through.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. James Orrock.

## THE VICTORIA COFFEE MUSIC HALL

THE Royal Victoria Hall, as it is now called, was until recently the theatre familiarly known as the "Vic," where transpontine melodrama of the most approved blood-and-thunder type had a comfortable home, and nightly drew immense audiences of the poorer class of Londoners. A short time ago, however, it was acquired by a company promoted by some of the more active of our wealthy philanthropists, in order to try a great and interesting experiment—a temperance music hall. The theatre was completely renovated, and arrangements made for supplying the audience with every sort of teetotal drink, from the humble coffee and gingerette to the aristocratic zoedone, and a handsome *café* or coffee-public house was opened at the entrance.

The idea is good, the motive admirable, and the undertaking deserves every encouragement. But will it succeed? There really seems no reason why, with proper management, it should not only pay its way, but a fair dividend also. It is, however, just this question of management which is likely to be the rock ahead—and not very far ahead either, if we are to judge from recent statements of losses incurred. There can be no doubt that alcoholic drink is a great attraction to the working man. If, therefore, you deprive him of his beer or his spirits, and offer coffee and lemonade in their place, you must give him a better entertainment on the stage than he is likely to find at the ordinary music hall. It is in this most important point that we think the management at the Victoria Hall signal fail.

The entertainment provided is in some respects much less stupid than that of the ordinary music-hall type; but it is, with a few exceptions, wholly lacking in the enterprise which certainly characterises the music hall programme. In the first place the band, it is not too much to say, would scarcely do credit to a second-rate provincial theatre. The two violins are very rarely in tune or time, and, in accompaniments, are either before or behind the singers, who, though they certainly do their "level best," are not, to say the least, the most accomplished of their kind. Yet in the company's prospectus especial stress is laid on the value of music as a means of public recreation. There is a ventriloquial entertainment which might be made attractive and amusing enough, but which at present is a little wearisome; and the "grand spectacular ballet" is, with the exception of the last scene, representing the death of Nelson, decidedly tame. It is nothing more nor less than a feeble reproduction of that which was recently so great an attraction at the neighbouring Canterbury. Even the British coster becomes sceptical when the representative of Lord Nelson addresses his captain as 'Ardy, and talks about the "honner" of his country, and he is apt to scoff when he is asked to believe that there were only about ten marines on board the *Victory*. On the other hand, there is some really clever jig-dancing and skipping by Miss Hetty Towers, and a nigger entertainment of a decidedly amusing character.

It is clear, then, that there is room for improvement, without which we fear the enterprise is certain to fail. There is no reason, as far as we can see, that, with the enormous house at their disposal, the management should not be able to put on the boards a first-class entertainment which should be judiciously varied in character, bright without being silly, funny without being coarse; which, in a word, should be thoroughly lively, and possessed of plenty of "go," without necessarily being vulgar. Such an entertainment we know would attract people from far and near. It will require a little courage, no doubt, and bold determination, but unless some decided move of the kind is made very soon, we fear, and we sincerely regret to say it, the undertaking must end in a disheartening failure.

## THE DEFENCE OF NATAL

OUR sketches depict the new forts and defences which have been constructed on the heights commanding the road from Newcastle, near to the Transvaal frontier, to the Ingagane river, a point to which, it may be remembered, the Boers penetrated last year. Our artist writes:—"The road leading down to the Drift, Murray's Store, is on the Pietermaritzburg side of the river. A large body of oxen crossed the river at this point during the war, cut away the point by which the passage of the river is made when the water is high, and looted some waggons. Sir Evelyn Wood and the 15th Hussars arrived at the Drift just in time to see the Boers disappearing over the crest of the hill. The forts are three in number, that on the height just over the ford being double, with a connecting passage. Captain Reid, R.E., with seventy-five men of the 7th Company of Artillery and a portion of the 40th Regiment, under Captain Wade-Dalton, have been at work in these forts for six weeks. The forts are built on sites selected by General Sir Evelyn Wood and General Buller, and have been built and planned by Captain Reid, R.E.

They are about 36 feet in internal diameter, with a well in the centre for stores and ammunition. One wall face is made higher than the other on account of the neighbouring high ground.

"Great boulders of trap rock are scattered broadcast over the sides of the hills whereon the forts are built; these have had to be dug out of their beds with great labour of pick and bar. The sturdy Welshmen have worked with a will, and have taken pleasure in heaving the monster stones down into the valley. These are just the rocks behind which the Boers would have chosen to shelter themselves.

"Another sketch represents blowing away an obstinate rock. Rocks which refused to yield to weight of men and tools were blown away with powder or split with gun-cotton.

"In the sketch of 'Finishing Touches' the fort commanding the head of the road leading down to the Ingagane drift is being completed. Along this Newcastle Road the Boers retired when Sir Evelyn Wood advanced from the Biggarsberg with 15th Hussars. The Drakensberg range is in the distance, and to the extreme left of the sketch on the range of distant hills is a pass from the Orange Free State much used by the Boers."—Our sketches are from Surgeon Lewis Irving, Army Medical Department.

NOTE.—In our issue of July the 30th, No. 609, a short notice appeared of the festival held at Utrecht on the 27th of June. A correspondent writes: "The students of this old University, founded in 1636, commemorate this foundation every five years by a masquerade, followed by national fêtes. Usually some remarkable event taken from the history of the Netherlands is portrayed, but the subject of the entrance of Matthias, Archduke of Austria, is not always represented. On this last occasion, however, the entrance of this Archduke into Brussels was depicted. He had been appointed governor of the Netherlands by the States General, and succeeded Don Juan of Austria, whose character is so well depicted by Motley in his 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' In your article it is stated that Archduke Matthias of Austria signed the Treaty of Alliance known as the Utrecht Union. This is a mistake; the Treaty was signed a year later by the Seven Northern Protestant Provinces. The principal subscriber was John of Nassau, eldest brother of William the Silent, Father of Dutch Liberty, and, as your article very correctly remarks, this Union of Utrecht led to the independence of the Northern Netherlands, but the Archduke, a fervent Roman Catholic, could not possibly have put his name to this essentially Protestant Union."



THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT will take place next Saturday, if the Irish members do not seriously impede the Votes in Supply; but it is quite possible that it may be delayed until the middle of the following week.

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER took place on Wednesday, the Premier and the other members of the Government going down by water from the Speaker's Stairs, at Westminster. On arriving at Greenwich they were received by a large deputation of the Liberals, and conducted to the Trafalgar Hotel, where Mr. Gladstone was presented with an illuminated address and a handsomely-carved and ornamented oaken chair, subscribed for by the local Liberals as a symbol that they will always keep a seat for him. Mr. Gladstone, in returning thanks, spoke of the difficulties amid which the Government had had to perform its duties, and said that these had brought into view the necessity for restoring the liberties and legislative efficiency of the House of Commons, a work which, in a future year, the Government would address themselves to with zeal and earnestness.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who has been for some time Private Secretary to the Premier, has been made a Junior Lord of the Treasury. Mr. John MacLaren has resigned the office of Lord Advocate, and will be succeeded by Mr. Balfour, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, whose successor is Mr. Asher, the newly-elected member for the Elgin Burghs. In reply to a question put in the House on Tuesday, Mr. Gladstone stated that no formal change had been made in the office of Lord Advocate, but that the Scotch business of a general character would henceforth be discharged by the Home Secretary. Mr. MacLaren accepts a Scotch Judgeship, and thus vacancies are created in the representation of Edinburgh and the Elgin Burghs.

OTHER PARLIAMENTARY VACANCIES have been created by the deaths of Colonel Joyce, M.P. for North Durham, and Mr. R. Laycock, M.P. for North Lincolnshire. Mr. Whalley, M.P., has denied the rumour that he is about to resign his seat for Peterborough.

IRELAND AND THE LAND BILL.—The "crisis" has come and gone, and Mr. Gladstone's "message of peace" now only awaits the Royal assent to become law. The new Act may possibly reach Dublin by the time these lines are in the hands of our readers. At the weekly meeting of the Dublin Land League Mr. J. J. Loudon said that the League would go on as if the Act never existed, it was doomed to an early death, and if it did exist it would only be a curse. At another Land League meeting at Armagh a resolution was passed declaring that the Bill could not be accepted as a final settlement in any sense. The Bill comes into operation at once, and we shall not have to wait long to see how it works, and in what spirit it is received by both landlords and tenants. Meanwhile it is not encouraging to hear that "Emergency" men are being sent from Liverpool to work on Boycotted farms in Ireland, and that agrarian outrages of more or less revolting character are reported from various parts of the country.

SUPPOSED FENIAN OUTRAGES AND PLOTS continue to be reported, but there is little or no proof of the offences having a political origin. On Sunday at Perth a small vessel engaged in the sand trade was blown up with dynamite; and at Liverpool an apprentice lad has been arrested on a charge of sending threatening letters to two of the witnesses who gave evidence against the Fenian M'Grath.

LORD SALISBURY, it is stated, has recently received several letters and post-cards of a threatening character, and on Saturday last the Hatfield police were warned by an anonymous writer that his lordship's life was in danger. The whole affair is believed to be a hoax, but the police are watching Hatfield House, and also his lordship's town residence.

THE POST OFFICE REPORT just issued contains, as usual, some very interesting statistics. The estimated number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the year was 1,176,423,600; of postcards, 122,884,000; of book-packets and circulars, 248,881,600; and of newspapers, 133,796,100. There were 10,034,546 registered letters. The work of the Department continues to extend, 337 new sub-offices have been opened, and 620 pillar letter-boxes erected. New mails have been established, and some of the deliveries in the suburbs of London accelerated, whilst in certain rural districts tricycles have been adopted to facilitate the postmen's work. The numerical strength of the staff has been increased by 800; and over 2,000 women are now employed as clerks in the Savings' Bank and the Receiver and Accountant-General's Office. During the spell of severe weather last winter the energies of the Department were greatly taxed, and much additional expenditure necessarily incurred. Mails were, of course, delayed, but not a single bag of

letters was lost. One letter, however, dropped in the streets of London, was carted away with the snow to the river, whence it was subsequently recovered, and returned to the owner. It contained a cheque for 1,000<sup>l.</sup> In the Returned Letter Office over 5,300,000 letters were dealt with, 475,000 of which it was found impossible to deliver or return. One contained a 10/- bank note (still unclaimed), while to the seal of another adhered a sovereign, which had been used to press down the wax. To the same office were sent 50,000 post cards, 4,000,000 book-packets, and 400,000 newspapers. Upwards of 27,000 letters bore no address; 5,000 gave no clue to the senders; and 1,340 contained articles of value amounting to nearly 5,000<sup>l.</sup> The Postmaster General again complains of the too frequent habits of transmitting all sorts of prohibited articles, fish, sausages, dead birds, and other animals, and live kittens; and repeats his warning that all such consignments are liable to confiscation. The deposits in the Post Office Savings Banks amounted on December 31st last to 33,744,637<sup>l.</sup>, showing an increase of 1,732,503<sup>l.</sup> over the amount recorded on the corresponding day of 1879. Out of a total number of about 2,185,000 depositors it appears that England and Wales contributed 2,034,381<sup>l.</sup>, Scotland 68,460, and Ireland 82,131<sup>l.</sup> The condition of the savings banks in Ireland is still a subject of peculiar interest. The increase of capital recorded in the previous year has not only been maintained, but has been augmented by 47,000<sup>l.</sup>, and is larger than any annual increase during the past ten years.

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS, which takes place at Edinburgh on Thursday next, will be attended by nearly 40,000 citizen soldiers, nearly every corps from John O'Groats to Maidens being represented. There will also be contingents from Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, who go at the express desire of Her Majesty, and a detachment of the London Scottish Major-General Macdonald will take the chief command of the Army Corps, which will be divided into three divisions under Major-Generals Sir A. Alison, Bart., W. G. Cameron, C.B., and Sir J. C. Macleod, K.C.B. The review and march past will take place on the parade ground east of the Palace of Holyrood, beside which rise the vast slopes of Arthur's Seat, from which hundreds of thousands of spectators may obtain a view of the display. The standard to be erected at the saluting point is by Her Majesty's command the Royal Ensign of Scotland.

EXTRAORDINARY TITHES.—The farmers of Kent and Sussex, who have long protested against this tax, have at last adopted tactics similar to those which have been so long in use amongst their brethren in Ireland against the landlords. On Tuesday, at Colegate's Farm, a stock of hay was sold by auction in satisfaction of a distress for extraordinary tithes made by the Rector of Halstead, Kent. A large number of farmers assembled, and previous to the sale held a meeting, at which resolutions were passed adopting the words of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, that "extraordinary tithe rent charges are an impediment to agriculture, hampering new cultivation, and that it is expedient they should be abolished;" but declaring their inability to see how the recommendation of that Committee would have the effect of abolishing the extraordinary tithe, or of giving relief to the tithe-payers. When the sale began no bids were made; but on the auctioneer saying that he was commissioned to bid 30/-, a few other bids were made, and ultimately the stock was bought in by a friend of the owner for 34/. It was then announced that the farmers had collected an amount sufficient to repay the cost of the protest, and it was declared that all would in a like manner make it necessary for rectors to collect the impost by the same means.

THE BLACKBURN RAILWAY ACCIDENT now numbers its seven victims, two passengers having died since last week. The Government inquiry is not yet complete; but on Monday some experiments were made, one of which confirms the statement of the driver, Stansfield, that he could not stop the train by reversing the engine after he discovered that the brake would not act. With the engine reversed for the previous quarter of a mile, the train dashed through the station, as at the time of the collision, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and had to be stopped by the application of brakes. The inquest has been adjourned for three weeks, in order that the injured employés may be able to give evidence.

HIGH TIDES IN THE THAMES have not occurred in the month of August for several years past, but on Friday and Saturday last week the low-lying districts in South London were partially inundated by the overflow of the river, although the local authorities had taken the precaution of constructing barriers of wood and clay. Masons are now at work on the Thames Embankment substituting solid blocks of masonry for the open stone balustrades at the approaches to the floating piers, so as to keep out the high tides.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOSION occurred at Highgate on Tuesday on the premises of the New River Company: an "air chamber" of wrought iron used in forcing the water into the mains being suddenly rent in halves, and the brickwork setting scattered about. The attendant engineer was killed while in the act of turning off the steam, and it is fortunate that no other lives were lost, seeing that part of the debris was projected into the Archway Road, a public thoroughfare about one hundred yards away.

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths of the week are those of Sir Francis Gooch, Bart., who was only thirty-one years of age; of Mr. Charles Spooner, brother-in-law to the Archbishop of Canterbury; of Dr. John Hill Burton, Historiographer Royal of Scotland, in his seventy-second year; and of the Earl of Gainsborough, who expired suddenly on Saturday last while riding in a cab to the Midland Railway Station. The news of his lordship's death was telegraphed to various provincial towns, among others to Accrington, where, through some blunder in transmission, it was transformed into "Death of the Duke of Edinburgh"—an announcement which very naturally created intense excitement.



PENDING the arrangements for Mr. Chatterton's management of SADLER'S WELLS, which will commence next month, the theatre which the late Mrs. Bateman and her daughters have done so much to raise in the estimation of playgoers has passed into the hands of Miss Marriott, a clever actress, who some years ago was at this house a prominent and popular performer. Miss Marriott has been absent from England, and has also been playing in the provinces, so that she has for some time been a stranger to London audiences. Her reappearance on Monday evening gave token of her being still favourably remembered by the Islington folk. The play selected for her reappearance is an English version of Giacometti's *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*, originally written for Madame Ristori, and performed here on the occasion of the two last visits of that great actress. It is a work of no very great power, but much pains have been bestowed by the author on the character of the Queen, which, though drawn without any striking depth or subtlety, is artfully endowed with all the prominent and well-known attributes with which history has varnished the portrait of the Maiden Queen. Her vanity and shrewdness, her jealousy and heroism, her playfulness and fits of anger, her womanly sympathy, and again her remorseless cruelty, are sharply contrasted very much after the fashion in which

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the late Lord Lytton was accustomed to treat historical personages. If the method is somewhat simple and obvious, it cannot be denied that the result is effective; and Miss Marriot, who is a person of imposing presence, and an actress, moreover, well-versed in the arts of the stage, undoubtedly succeeds in rendering Elizabeth interesting through the successive stages of her life, for we see her in the first act in girlhood, and follow her till age has silvered her locks, and death brings her momentous reign to a close. The numerous historical incidents which the author introduces would doubtless have had more interest for the audience if the general level of acting had been higher; but, though the company comprises some other performers favourably known, the representation can hardly be said to have been satisfactory. Possibly the circumstance that a new historical play is to be produced here this evening—not to speak of a performance of *East Lynne* in the mean time—may have led to an impression that it was not worth while to make effort on this occasion. On the stage, however, as elsewhere, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The new play referred to is entitled *Sedgemoor*, and is founded on a story of Monmouth's rebellion. It is the production of Mr. W. G. Wills and Mr. J. C. Wills.

Although our theatres are, with one or two exceptions, rather in a languishing condition at this period of seaside holidays, two new pieces are to be produced this evening. One is the historical play at SADLER'S WELLS, already referred to; the other is a new romantic comic opera in three acts, by Mr. Pottinger Stephens, music by Mr. Edward Solomon, to be brought out at the OLYMPIC, under the new management of Mr. Michael Gunn. Its title is *Claude Duval; or, Love and Larceny*.—Mr. Lewis Wingfield, whose artistic talents have rendered much valuable service to our stage, is about to start for New York, there to superintend the production of one or two new pieces of which he is the author. Among these is a poetical drama in five acts entitled *Love and Liberty*, in which Mr. John McCullough, the celebrated American tragedian, will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mr. Wingfield has also written a new historical play called *Monmouth*, which will be produced by Mr. Lawrence Barrett in New York next winter.—The Paris journals notice as a remarkable event the acceptance at the Théâtre Français of a little piece written in French by an English dramatist who chooses to conceal his, or her identity, under the pseudonym of "Beaumont." Its title is *La Fin du Bonheur*, and it is expected that the part of the heroine will be sustained by Madille Croizette. Meanwhile the present management of the Gymnase are preparing to produce an adaptation of the late Mr. Robertson's *Society*, which is to be produced immediately, under the title of *Les Élections*. The names of personages will, it appears, have undergone some strange transformations. Our old friends, John Chodd, Junior, and John Chodd, Senior, for example, become Penter, *père et fils*, Lord and Lady Ptarmigan, Mylord and Miladi Furibond; and Miss Maud, Mdlle. Iurietta." These contributions to the French stage, by English writers, if not unparalleled, are at least very rare.



SINCE *The Graphic* was last published the country has gone through a political crisis which had it been real would, indeed, have been, as it has been described, "one of the most momentous that this generation has known." It began suddenly and unexpectedly on Friday night, and was all comfortably over by Tuesday. On the first-named night the House of Lords met to consider the Commons' amendments to their amendments to the Land Bill. These were of an exceedingly simple character, chiefly consisting of setting up again what the Lords had knocked over. When the Bill first went to the Lords, after its long hammering out in the Commons, their lordships took some important liberties with the text. They, in fact, very materially altered the structure of the Bill, largely varying it from its original purpose of bettering the condition of the tenants. When the Commons received their Bill back they quietly struck out the Lords' amendments, and with a few immaterial exceptions made it precisely what it was before the Lords had it. On Friday the Lords got back their Bill thus corrected, and the question was, What would they do with it?

From the very first there has been general and persistent conviction in political circles that the Lords would, with whatever grimaces, swallow the Land Bill. This opinion, expressed when the Bill first went to the Upper House, was confirmed to the extent that the Second Reading was agreed to without a division. The Lords' procedure in Committee was watched with equanimity on the understanding that the Commons would put it all right again, and that the Lords receiving the Bill a second time would yield to the force of circumstances. There was, however, just sufficient uncertainty about the matter to make the House of Lords the focus of interest on Friday night. There was nothing particular going on in the Commons, and such members as had thought it worth while to come down at all found their way to the House of Lords. Here it speedily became clear that the Lords had prepared a surprise for a too-confident public. It was the unexpected that was happening, and under the direction of Lord Salisbury the Peers spent a pleasant evening in putting back the Land Bill pretty much in the shape in which they had first returned it to the Commons.

This was a game at see-saw which in some circumstances might go on for ever. The Lords put up the ninepins, and the Commons bowled them over. The Lords putting them up again, the Commons bowled them over, and once more the Lords set them up. The game was all very well for leisure moments and idle people, but it evidently could not go on indefinitely with the momentous interests at stake, and members of both Houses wearied with the work of a long session. It was felt on Friday night that crisis had been reached, which was all the more striking because it had burst upon the political world at the very moment when it was lulled in a sense of sleepy satisfaction that at last the Land Bill was done with. This very quality of unexpectedness temporarily upset the better judgment which had from the first foreseen an amicable settlement of the question in the sense approved of by great majorities in the House of Commons. Men who had counted on the Lords forthwith submitting were so taken aback by this sudden stand that they immediately concluded the worst would follow, and the principal topic of the hour turned on debate as to the superior probability of Mr. Gladstone meeting the difficulty by dissolving, resigning,

summoning a winter Session. By Monday opportunity had been given for getting over the surprise, and seeing matters in a clearer light. Only for a few hours, amid the consternation of Friday night, was the crisis regarded as real. By Monday morning everybody had begun to see that it was merely a little flutter on the part of the Lords, possibly piqued by the not too complimentary consensus of opinion that they would tamely give in. Circumstantial rumours of private arrangements were circulated, and curiosity was narrowed to the point of considering the details. Still, a political crisis falling out just when the dull season has commenced is too precious a gift to be lightly relinquished. The excitement was kept up throughout Monday, both in the provinces and in London. It culminated at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the House of Commons met, and thousands of people, many of them evidently cousins from the

country, flocked down to Westminster. If there was nothing else to be seen, there was, at least, the possibility of gazing on the outer walls of the building in which the great issue was being decided. As it turned out, there was something more. Mr. Gladstone, passing into the House from Downing Street, was recognised, and hailed with a mighty cheer, the echo of which was distinctly heard in the House of Commons. When he entered, a little late, the popular ovation was renewed by the Ministerialists, who cheered again and again, in token of their determination, as one said, to "stand by both the Bills—Mr. Gladstone and the Land Bill."

The House was densely crowded, both on the floor and in the galleries. A great speech from the Premier was looked for, in which he would probably defy the House of Lords, and announce his determination to carry the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. When the Premier rose, and in the few formal words necessary moved that the Government amendments be considered, a sense of profound disappointment filled the crowded chamber. What was the use of having a political crisis unless the very apex of it were reached in a great speech from the greatest of Parliamentary orators? The House felt wounded and disappointed, and for once accepted Mr. Parnell as its mouthpiece when he plainly put it to the Premier whether he was not going to make a general statement. But the Premier gently, and even apologetically, answered that the matter had been duly considered, and it had been decided that the better course would be to deal with the amendments *seriatim*.

This was a less dramatic, but certainly a more effectual way of getting through the work of the night. The determination was the key-note of the whole of the Premier's conduct of what happily proved the last stage of the Bill in the Commons. Mr. Gladstone has earned fresh and everlasting laurels during the Session now coming to a close. But friends and foes agree in the expression of the opinion that nothing he has done since the Bill was introduced was finer than his performance on Monday night. It would have been so easy, with the upheaval of Liberal Associations through the provinces—with the enthusiastic crowd at the very gates of Parliament, and with his own side excited to the fullest pitch of personal devotion, to make a great splash, and to drive forward the Land Bill in steam roller fashion. But Mr. Gladstone was chiefly anxious to get the Bill passed, and with a self-restraint and a never-failing tact which are not his most prominent characteristics, he gently, but none the less irresistibly, urged the Bill forward. On points of principle, as Lord Salisbury admitted on the following night, nothing was yielded, but on matters of detail the wishes of the Lords were, wherever practicable, met with a gracious cordiality that charmed the Conservative Opposition into silence.

The Bill, once more practically reinstated, reached the Lords on Tuesday night. It was felt that the crisis was now over, and there remained only the curiosity to see how Lord Salisbury would deal with his share of it. The Marquis's manner left nothing to be desired. He was quite effusive in his recognition of the fair treatment of the Government and the fair treatment of the House of Commons. As far as he and his side were concerned everything was satisfactory, and if there were any appearance of retreat on the part of the Lords from the belligerent position yesterday taken up, Lord Salisbury threw the responsibility on the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lansdowne, whom he promised to support if they still wanted to fight. But they plainly didn't; and the Land Bill finished its turbulent course by half-an-hour's smooth sailing in the House of Lords.

On Wednesday the House of Commons took up the Irish Votes in Committee of Supply, and with Mr. Parnell's assistance found in them work sufficient for what remained of the week.

**LONDON OMNIBUSES.**—On Tuesday a deputation representing the cab and omnibus proprietors of the metropolis waited on the Home Secretary, to urge him to do something to prevent the railway companies from running omnibuses to and from the various London terminuses. On the same day the London General Omnibus Company held its half-yearly meeting, at which the usual handsome dividend of 12½ per cent. was declared, and it was stated that the profit of last year was little short of 100,000*l.* It has occurred to us that it would be well to consider these two facts in connection with a few others which must be notorious to every Londoner. The first is that the Railway omnibuses which are complained of are a distinct public benefit, inasmuch as for the most part they run on routes hitherto unprovided for by the "regular" omnibuses, besides which the vehicles themselves are of novel construction, and are infinitely more comfortable and better adapted to their special work than either cabs or ordinary omnibuses would be. Sir W. Harcourt dismissed the deputation with a polite intimation that he was not in a position to give a decided answer, and indeed it would be difficult to imagine in what way he is expected to interfere, seeing that Government in granting licenses to the cab and omnibus proprietors has never, so far as we are aware, given anything like a guarantee that they should have a monopoly of the public passenger traffic of the streets of London. The fact is that, although the London General Omnibus Company have for a long time been in the enjoyment of a practical monopoly, there have always been a few small proprietors working independently of them, but they now have to contend not only with their great rivals, the Tramways Companies, but also with the London Road Car Company, whose handsome, airy, comfortable, and well-appointed vehicles are now running on more than one route, and will, we doubt not, soon beat the older company entirely out of the field, unless the latter speedily alters its tactics. In an age of invention and improvement, such as the present, it is little short of marvellous that a wealthy firm like the London General Omnibus Company should be employing vehicles of precisely the same type as that in use quite a quarter of a century ago. There are the same ill-contrived, noisy, jolting vehicles, excessively narrow, and destitute of ventilation, and at night furnished with a miserable apology for a lamp, which only serves to make the darkness visible; the same low pitched roof, equally uncomfortable to the inside passengers, and to those perched upon the "knife-board," which, by-the-way is as inaccessible as ever to ladies, and indeed all who have not some natural capacity for gymnastic exercise. The London General Omnibus Company is now in the height of its financial prosperity, but if it wishes to preserve its position it must no longer affect to ignore the many improvements which are being adopted by its rivals.

**GENERAL OUTNUMBER THEIR MEN** in the Venezuelan army. No less than 32,222 Generals are now on the Republic's list, and 8,000 of these have been created by the present President.

**ALPINE ACCIDENTS** have already begun to sadden the holiday season. The ascent of Monte Rosa from the Italian side—a most difficult exploit, which has only twice been effected successfully—was attempted last week by Signor Marinelli, a well-known member of the Italian Alpine Club, but a severe avalanche near the hamlet of Pedriolo, at the base of the mountain, overwhelmed the traveller and two guides, only the porter escaping. Signor Marinelli's body has since been recovered, with the clothing torn to shreds by the terrific blast of air caused by the avalanche. Further, a French lady has been killed by falling down a precipice on the Croix de Bulet, in the Val d'Illiez, Canton Valais; a German botanist, Herr Scheuk, has shared the same fate on the Dole, in the Jura; while last week the horses of a diligence crossing the Julier Pass took fright at a flash of lightning, and sprang over the precipice, the five passengers being badly hurt.



MR. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., has succeeded the late Dean Stanley as one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE RUSSO-TURKISH CAMPAIGN, Mr. F. Villiers, has been appointed by Prince Milan of Servia a Knight of the Order of Takovo.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL AND SANITARY EXHIBITION, which closed last Saturday, was visited, between July 16 and August 10, by 21,542 persons.

THE TUNISIAN FLAGS captured at Sfax have been hung in the Paris Invalides. One of these was the standard of the Prophet, and is of green silk, with a broad red stripe.

WOMEN IN INDIA have hitherto been excluded from official employment, but now a lady, Miss Pogson, has been appointed Meteorological Reporter to the Madras Government. For many years past Miss Pogson has acted as Assistant Government Astronomer.

A SUNDAY ART EXHIBITION of modern pictures will be opened at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, to-morrow. The pictures have been collected by the Sunday Society, and include a selection of water-colour drawings by deceased British painters.

KING KALAKAUA OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS takes home with him the travelling bedstead of King Frederick William IV., of Prussia, a perfect work of art in polished iron, ingeniously constructed to fold up. The only similar piece of furniture is in the Royal Palace at Berlin.

FRENCH RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES ostensibly vowed to poverty possess landed property in France to the extent of 100,000 acres, worth some 28½ millions sterling. Most of this property is in the North of France; but it is believed that, in addition, the religious bodies actually own a large amount of land held in the name of accommodating friends.

A SURVIVOR OF BRONKER'S SPRUIT.—Our readers may be interested to learn that a fund is being raised to present the heroic Mrs. Smith, whose portrait and biography recently appeared in our columns, with some substantial acknowledgment of her courageous conduct. Contributions will be received and acknowledged by F. Beston and Co., 198, Euston Road, N.W.

LORD BYRON'S GRAVE in the church of Hucknall-Torkard, Nottinghamshire, is now surmounted by a slab of dull red marble—Rosso Antiquo—part of the block presented by the King of Greece for the pedestal of the Byron Statue in Hyde Park. The slab bears the simple inscription, "Byron, born January 22nd, 1788, died April 19, 1824," surmounted by a poet's wreath.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS should no longer be embroidered with the name or initials of their owners, for Parisian fashionables have adopted a flower and motto to ornament the corner of their dainty *mouchoirs*. Thus one beauty chooses a rose with the device "I am all heart"—another a poppy with the inscription "Beauty dwells in the heart and not in the face;" above a sprig of mignonette is the modest remark, "My qualities surpass my charms;" "I cling or I die" surrounds an ivy leaf; "Purity and nobility" is written over a lily; while some sentimental damsel inscribes above a primrose "I am misunderstood."

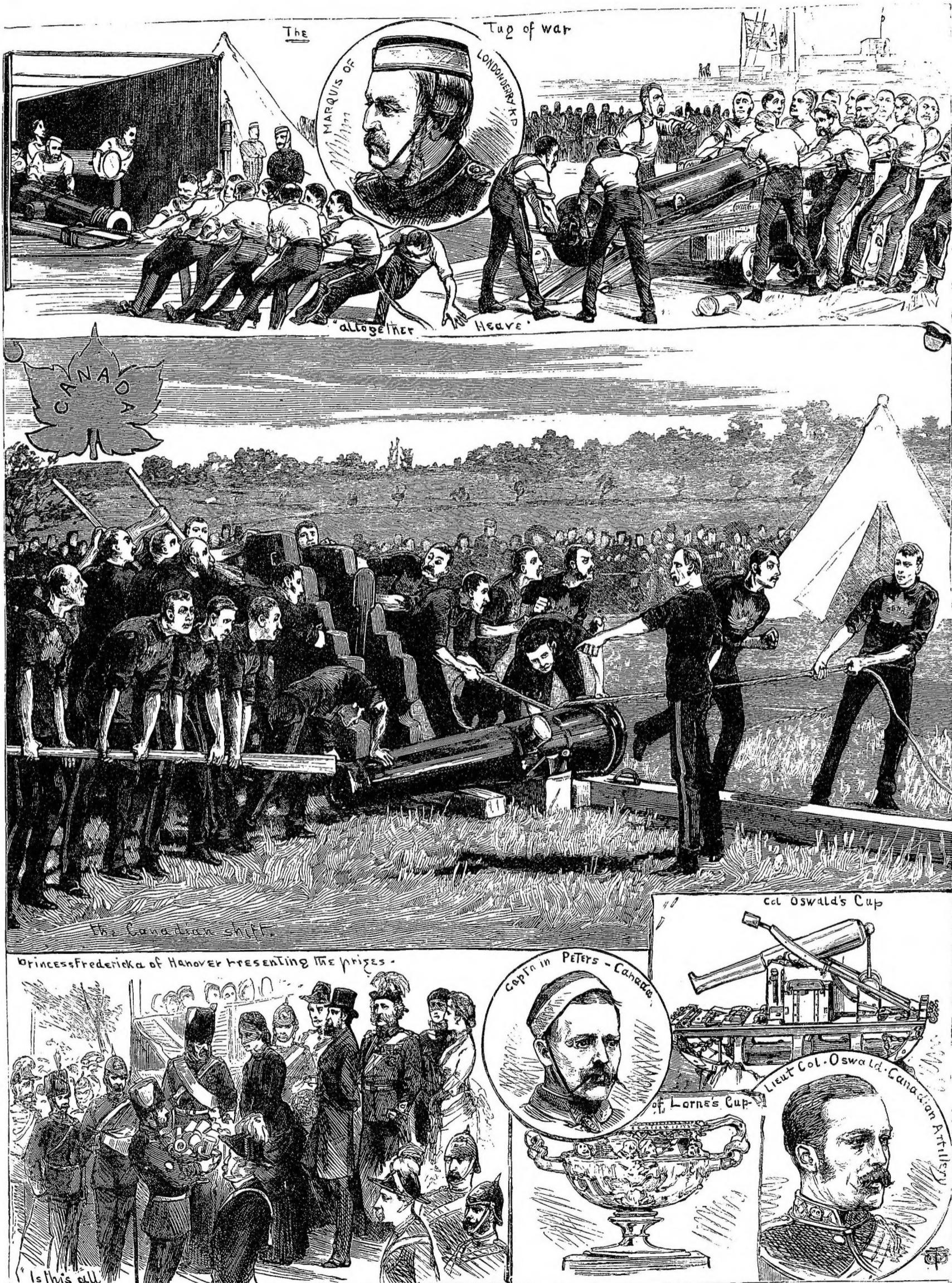
A REFRIGERATED MANAGER.—The process of freezing meat should not be too closely investigated, according to the recent unpleasant experience of the manager of an Australian company. Going into a freezing-room to inspect the meat, he suddenly found the door closed by the pressure of air, and being unable to open it called out for help. At first the noise of the machinery drowned his voice, but fortunately the machinery was stopped to be oiled, and the cries were heard, the unlucky manager being at once rescued. He was, however, completely numbed and partially stupefied by the cold which he had endured for ten minutes, and had not the machinery been providentially stopped, he would undoubtedly have been frozen to death.

DR. TANNER OF FASTING RENOWN, who lately died at Amsterdam, met with his death under somewhat curious circumstances. Being much annoyed by the openly-expressed disbelief in his fast by a Dutch physician, Dr. Croft, Dr. Tanner undertook to perform a second fast in Dr. Croft's own house for a wager of 2,000*l.*, and travelled accordingly to Amsterdam. The Dutch doctor was, however, absent, and Dr. Tanner grew very impatient at the delay, but occupied his time in consuming five or six huge meals daily, besides drinking a large quantity of spirits. At last Dr. Croft returned, and called on Dr. Tanner, who was in such a hurry to receive him that he missed his footing, and fell down a high flight of stairs. Concussion of the brain ensued, and the American died next day.

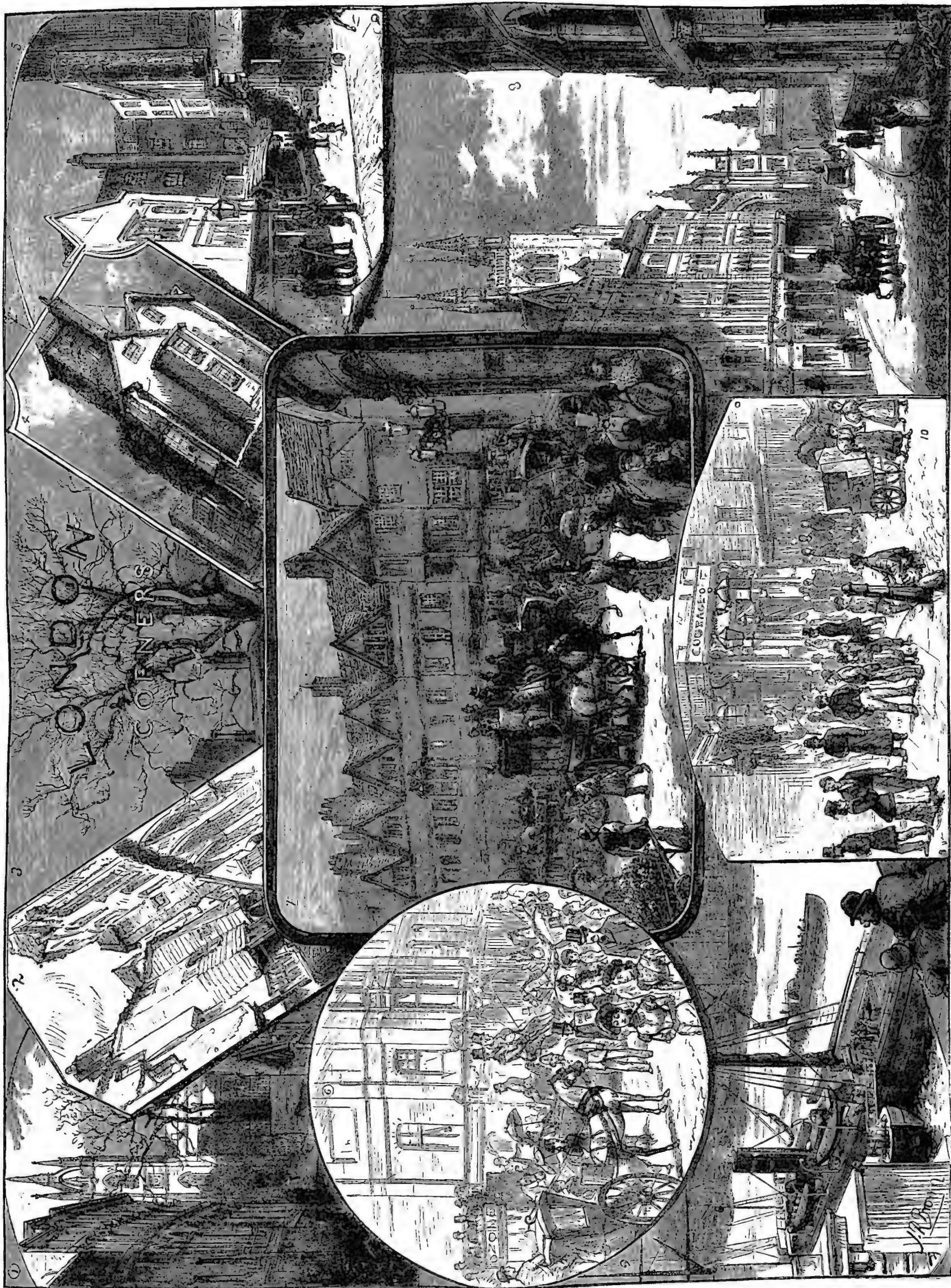
PROPERTY IN TUNIS is being run up to a very high price owing to the competition of French speculators. Immediately after the signature of the treaty a number of Gallic agents bought up all promising plots of land in the European quarter near the railway for a comparatively small sum, and they are now re-selling the ground for about five times what they originally gave for it. One Maltese, who had inherited some comparatively barren property, has sold it for building purposes for 3,000*l.*, while similar prices prevail at Bizerta, where it is reported the French intend to construct a first-rate military harbour. Shops in Tunis itself are eagerly sought after by Gallic agencies, banks, and general dealers, a French theatre is being built, and the moderate rent of 400*l.* annually, and a premium, is asked for a fair-sized house.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,578 deaths were registered against 1,717 during the previous seven days, a decline of 139, being 77 below the average, and at the rate of 21·5 per 1,000. These deaths included 29 from small-pox (a decrease of 9, and 11 above the average), 48 from measles (a decline of 12), 57 from scarlet fever (an increase of 12), 12 from diphtheria (an increase of 8), 22 from whooping-cough, 3 from typhus fever, 17 from enteric fever, 210 from diarrhoea (a decline of 323), and 148 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decrease of 17), of which 77 were attributed to bronchitis, and 47 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths. There were 2,477 births registered against 2,242 during the previous week, being 13 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 59° deg., and 3·7 deg. below the average.

THIS SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS has been unusually cold—to judge from a correspondence from the American steamer *Alliance*, now out in search of the *Jeannette*. Generally throughout Iceland in July, the thermometer varies from 70 to 80 deg., but this year the temperature has not risen above 50 deg., while the usual summer occupation of turf-cutting has been much impeded by the bog being frost-bound six feet below the surface. Moreover, a French vessel also reported on July 14th that the fiords and bays along the north coast and round the island of Grimsey were still ice-bound. Last winter was most bitter in Iceland, being considered the most severe season since 1690, and the great bay at Reikiavik, in which even floating ice is rarely seen, was completely frozen over, so that people walked out to the little neighbouring islands. Curiously enough on the coast of Northern Labrador the winter was exceptionally mild, and the natives now declare that Davis Strait is in a very favourable state for exploration.



THE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SHOEBURYNES



1. A City Corner (St. Dunstan's, Thames Street).—2. A Queer Corner (St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield).—3. The Tree at the Corner of Wood Street, Cheapside.—4. An Islington Corner, Canonbury Tower.—5. A Corner in Lincoln's Inn Fields.—6. A Bond Street Corner.—7. The Corner of Gray's Inn Lane.—8. A Batch of Corners. St. Sepulchre's, Newgate, and Snow Hill.—9. The Corner of London Bridge.—10. Corners in Seven Dials.

LONDON SKETCHES

## THE GRAPHIC

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## ON A WELL-KNOWN RIVER

OF all the playgrounds of Europe, perhaps the Rhine is the most familiar to the holiday traveller, and yet how few people know more of this famous river than the well-beaten track from Cologne to Mayence, or the glimpses of the stream at frequent German watering-places and cities? Castles and vineyards, mountains and gorges, village towers and cathedral spires remain their memories of the Rhine, but they are ignorant of the broad reaches of the river above the Prussian frontier, or the smiling fertile banks towards Mannheim. Guide-books unite in calling this part of the journey tedious, but those who dislike railway travelling during such heat as that of the past month, and to whom time is no object, will certainly not regret taking a trip from Rotterdam to Mannheim.

Instead of being cramped for hours in a stuffy dusty carriage, often with closed windows, as the abhorrence of fresh air seems a Teutonic characteristic, the traveller can roam over the breezy deck, lounge comfortably in a folding chair, and take his meals at his ease, without fear of losing the train. True, the journey up the stream occupies three days, but comfortable sleeping-cabins can be had—only let the wary secure them beforehand on the penalty of passing very uncomfortable nights in the general cabin—and there is a snug saloon on the lower deck if the evenings prove cold. Two lines of steamers, German and Dutch, leave Rotterdam daily, but only the Dutch run the same boat for the whole distance. By the former route, however, travellers can change into the express boats from Cologne to Mayence, thus considerably shortening the journey.

On a bright July morning we start from Rotterdam at 7 A.M., in a brand-new Dutch boat, making her first trip, everything on board looking as smart and trim as on a British yacht. The *König Willem van Nederlanden* goes off triumphantly decked with flags, the Dutch lion and the Prussian eagle flying together in amity, but we soon find that to sail on a Rhine steamer during her first trip is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Every large and small place we stop at—and their name is legion—considers it an imperative duty to greet our arrival with a triple salute, which we duly return, the compliment being mutually repeated on our departure. After a time the firing becomes monotonous, then grows aggravating, while later on, when we are woken up by popping and banging at frequent intervals throughout the night, the effect on the temper is disastrous. As to an unfortunate horse, whose box stands close to the miniature cannon on board, it is in a nervous fever by the end of the first day. But this after all is a minor evil where there is so much to enjoy. The day is sultry, but a soft breeze tempers the heat, the wide rapid river is crowded with picturesque Dutch *schufts*, broad of beam, with their brown polished sides, curiously set sails, and long fluttering pennons, tugs puff up the stream, towing some six or eight vessels at once, and fishermen are busy preparing their nets on the various sand banks. Herds of sleek black and white cattle stand at the water's edge, and solitary storks rest drowsily on one leg watching the boat go past. We continually pick up the country people on their way to and from market, odd beings with strange head-gear and stranger packages. In the interests of art and ancient customs it is grievous to see the old picturesque cap peculiar to the women of the Low Countries either abandoned altogether, or half-hidden under a commonplace bonnet. The tasteful mass of muslin and lace, with its lappets in front and long curtain at the back, crowned by a modern edifice of straw and flowers, while the queer Dutch brass spiral pins peep out over each temple, is an incongruous sight to be long remembered. These passengers crowd the bows of the vessel and gossip familiarly with the captain—a typical fat Dutchman who abjures his official coat and brass buttons until nearing some important place, and prefers lounging about in his shirt-sleeves. Like master, like man, so this easy costume is generally affected by the sailors, each of whom keeps a pipe or cigar tight between his lips even when on duty. Under the shady awning on the upper deck the company is more refined and less amusing. Large families greatly affect this route, and dispose of such copious midday meals on deck as to make one fearful for the small children's digestion. Eating and drinking, however, is the order of the day, for there is scarcely a passenger taking a quartet of an hour's journey who does not call for a huge bottle of beer. Once a Prussian officer comes on board, but he stalks to the end of the deck, seizes a camp-stool, and sits down grimly with his back to the general public, as much as to say, "keep your distance."

As we get farther from Rotterdam the Maas changes its name repeatedly, becoming the Merwede at Dordrecht, where a quaint old water-gate tempts the pencil, while after we have passed a vast reedy district, the Biesbosch, the stream is called the Waal. This Biesbosch or reed forest, once thickly populated, was overwhelmed by an inundation, and is now only utilised for the growth of rushes and of willows for the maintenance of the dykes. At Nymegen, a sleepy-looking town, with a losty belfry chiming much out of tune, and a grass-grown quay, we hail a small hill as a perfect phenomenon amid the prevailing flatness, and a short distance further, just before Lobith, the last Dutch village, the Lek, or principal arm of the Rhine, joins the Waal, and the stream becomes the true "schöne Deutsche Rhein." Close here the river was crossed by the French army, under Louis XIV. and the Prince de Condé, but the stream must then have been much narrower, judging from present appearances. Already there is a slight difference in the scenery, and a few wooded heights in the distance, close to where Cleve lies, give a faint earnest of the future glories of the river. Presently we cross the Prussian frontier at Emmerich, when we soon discover that we are in the land of officialism and discipline. The smart Teutonic official, with his military garb, tight high stock, and supercilious manner, is a very different specimen of humanity from the easy-going Dutch Custom-House authorities, whose only visible sign of office was the badge on their cap. Although we passengers are longing to get on shore, as we spend some time here, we have to wait over an hour while the scrupulous Prussian pokes about the cargo previous to attacking our boxes and shaking out the ladies' dresses as though something contraband were hidden in each fold.

Emmerich does not improve on closer acquaintance. It is a dirty uninteresting town, as evil-smelling as Cologne, with a painful pavement of coble-stones. English are evidently a novelty, for the shock-headed, white-haired children playing in the gutter, and their elders in *sabots*, honour us with much attention, more especially as one of our party wears knickerbockers. By and by, when the moon comes out it glorifies even grimy Emmerich, and the uneven buildings fringing the quay, closed at one end by an old-fashioned church, while a queer steeple peeps over the houses, positively look picturesque. Altogether the scene as we sit on deck is quite romantic. The moon is at its full, the river a perfect mirror, a neighbouring ferry creeps sleepily to and fro, tinkling a mild bell, and some Germans in a *café* on the bank sing a tuneful *patois* ditty with a chorus of "Oh, ja!"

Next morning we are nearing Düsseldorf, and Dutch picturesqueness has partly disappeared. Factories in many instances make the banks look dirty, and the towns have grown regular and commonplace. The boat does not stop long enough at Düsseldorf for passengers to land, but when we reach Cologne in the afternoon we have five hours to spare, and can go on shore to admire the glorious spires of the Dom, now partly freed from their veil of scaffolding. At present the town authorities cannot sell this scaffolding, and, as it was a costly affair, they are unwilling to pull it down at a loss. All, however, will have vanished by the end of

September. The *König Willem* is moored close to the Rhine bridge, and there is plenty to see,—the big saloon steamers discharging their vast human freight, and the traffic on the bridge of boats, while the strains of a military band at Deutz sound pleasantly over the water. Soon after dark we slip through the bridge of boats, and dawdle along until we reach Coblenz early in the morning. Thus, although we lose the Seven Mountains, we pass the grandest part of the route in the daylight, and find the familiar beauties enhanced by the complete contrast to the preceding scenery. Such well-known spots, however, need no description here. The next evening is spent at Mayence, when we have plenty of time to explore the town. Curiously enough, Cologne Cathedral was decked for a funeral, and at the Dom here a coffin lies in state in an arbour of greenery at the foot of a tiny altar lugubriously adorned with death's heads.

After leaving Mayence the scenery again becomes flat and Dutch looking, there are the same stiff rows of trees, but the banks are beautifully cultivated, and studded with pretty villas embedded in flowers and creepers. Worms, with its many historical and legendary associations, is the only prominent town passed until we reach our goal, Mannheim, and leave the good *König Willem* with considerable regret. Mannheim is within easy reach of the most important places in South Germany, so that this route is thoroughly convenient, while its very moderate cost recommends it to limited purses.

The return trip is considerably shorter, taking only two days down the quick stream. At this time of year the homeward-bound boats are crowded with fruit for England, chiefly intended for British jam-manufacturers. Soon the bows and lower deck of the vessel are piled high with little round fruit-baskets, the pile reaching above the paddle-boxes. At each stopping point we take these baskets in, they cover the quays at the larger towns, while from every small station out comes a boat laden to the water's edge with the same freight. Those huge timber rafts for which the Rhine is famous shoot past us with wonderful rapidity owing to the swift current, and one in particular is of enormous length, having five huge sweeps at either end, each manned by six men. This time we travel from Coblenz to Bonn in the daylight, and have a splendid view of the Siebengebirge, while we get into Rotterdam next evening just as the lights are beginning to twinkle on the Boompjes. K. E. J.



MRS. THOMAS F. HUGHES has very little excuse for beginning "Among the Sons of Han" (Tinsley) with her experiences down the Canal and off Aden. Her steamer took Baron Lesseps on board at Ismailia; but all she has to say of him just fills four lines. She was delayed by an Arab pilgrim ship which signalled for a doctor. It had lost its reckoning—had no one on board who could take an observation—and knew the mail would not stop for anything less than the need of saving life. She went in a French boat; and, therefore, had to crawl up the Saigon river and down again. If the authorities would take her hint about transhipping, &c., at the river's mouth, the Messageries would become much more popular with travellers to China. In "the Flowery Land" she plunges at once into the mysteries of Pigeon English, her experience being that plain speech is safest. If you descend to Chinese weakness by calling for "that piece ham-o" you have a hammer brought on a neat tray; and the request for note paper, qualified by the explanation "one largey sheet can do," may lead to the biggest sheet being stripped off your bed and being offered by the grinning "boy." She also swallows as if it was fresh the old old story about the coat in which the Chinese tailor reproduced the patch of the worn-out pattern. It is only fair to say that she soon improves—gets up country, has tiffin at monasteries, interviews a bride, comes in for a disastrous inundation and a big fire at Foochow, and makes a voyage in a native steamer. She travelled northward to Chefoo, and inland as far as Hangkow, and lived for a long while on Formosa, where the monotony of her fowl diet at last became unbearable. The aboriginal Formosan seems a very noble "savage," far too good to be improved off by the mean-looking Chinese. One thinks of a Chinaman as selling everything he can turn a penny by; but his *albino* children he wastefully starves to death instead, a fact worth the consideration of English and American showmen. We are glad to learn that he is capable of disinterested bravery; some Takow fishers behaved as heroically as ever an English life-boat's crew did—and with no medal or newspaper paragraph in prospect.

If honest enthusiasm can persuade people to go in for mining, Mr. S. Jennings' "Visit to the Gold Fields of the South-East Wynnaad" (Chapman and Hall) will not have been written in vain. He believes in Indian gold, and has no patience with the croakers who, not having seen the district, try to bring down the shares. "Having no interests to serve" (though he is secretary to the South Indian and the Glenrock Companies), "he gives a simple record of what he saw;" and this is interesting even to the non-speculator. One is very glad to hear of Australian trees thriving round Ootacamund, and of Madrassee Eurasians being persuaded to work as miners. As for results, Mr. Jennings warns us that the mines are still in the uninteresting stage, and cannot be expected to show a new reef every other day. The country, to judge from the illustrations, must be very beautiful; and the climate is not bad for India, the district being tolerably free from fever except from mid-March to mid-May. Many of the reefs have been largely but rudely worked in native times; but, if Mr. Jennings is right, the extent of the field is enormous.

The *Bazaar* Office continues its useful and practical books on animals; and under Mr. Leonard Gill's editorship "The Book of the Rabbit" is a worthy companion to "British Dogs" and "Foreign Cage Birds." In more than 400 pp. it tells us all about these popular pets, and contains ample directions how to house and feed and doctor them. There are coloured pictures of the most interesting varieties, including the Himalayan, with its black nose, ears, and stockings, and the piebald Dutch, of the proper markings of which such careful diagrams are given that by studying them a man might qualify for judgeship at a show. We do not know if all Mr. Gill's facts are certain enough to form the basis of Darwinian reasoning; he has a deal to say about the so-called "Belgian hare," once supposed to be a cross between hare and rabbit. He believes the "leporine" to be a myth; M. Broca takes the opposite view. He gives due praise to the late Mr. Rayson's "Rabbits for Prizes and Profit;" but thinks rabbit breeding for the market in hutches or enclosed ground cannot pay (Ostend, we presume, will always undersell us), though old warrens may with a little care be made very profitable. The book is pleasant reading, besides being (as we said) thoroughly practical.

"The Oracle: A Weekly Journal of Answers to Correspondents" (Infield, 160, Fleet Street), has begun its fifth volume. Some of the questions are so recondite that one might almost fancy the editor set them to himself out of his miscellaneous reading; and the answers often extend beyond a column. From the cause of ocean currents, and the utilisation of bones as manure, to the canons of literary art, is a wide range. We might question the value of many of the answers. Glycerine, for instance, is a poor substitute for cod-liver oil; and some of the legal hints we should be sorry to act upon, though the meaning of "maintenance" is fairly explained. Such a record must always be amusing, partly on account the absurd mistakes of inquirers. A. W. asks about Cardinal Newman's "Lyra

*Anglicana*;" J. S. H. confounds *Good Words* with the *Cornhill*; W. M. wants a book of ready-made speeches; and P. F. seeks a cheap Swiss Protestant nook, "where none of our fellow-countrymen are to be met with." To those who care to know the origin of "Tommy Atkins," and who completed the famous verse beginning "The sun's perpendicular rays Illumine the depths of the sea," we recommend "The Oracle." We can't help thinking that it might also have its use for young men in for examinations. Many of the questions have a strong family likeness to those set in literature, history, &c., to competitors for the Civil Services. It contains a vast amount of information at the cost of a penny a number.

This year's "Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" (Sampson Low) is even more interesting than that which we noticed at some length last autumn. Federation among the West India Isles, the statistics of our Indian Empire, and Imperial and Colonial partnership in emigration, are some of the subjects dealt with, and on all we have the advantage of hearing both sides. Thus, Sir R. Temple's *tour de force*, a speech of an hour and a half, made without a single note, and giving a thoroughly rose-coloured picture of the finances, the trade, and everything else in India, is at once met by Mr. Hyndman's allegation that he never knew a native who held the present condition of India to be one of prosperity. From Indian Civil Servants, too, he hears the same tale, and indeed it is hard to believe that even the ancient industries are flourishing when inlaid metal work and Cashmere shawls (not to speak of muslins) are less and less manufactured. We are glad Sir R. Temple admits that the death rate is too high, and attributes it to the right cause, the impurity of much of the drinking water, for this is a remediable evil. We are equally glad that he believes the finances of India to be sound; it can scarcely be otherwise when the debt amounts to only two years' income. As to Emigration, the best judges hold that it is an Imperial question. Private enterprise is not sufficient; for companies are necessarily speculative concerns, and cannot care for the emigrants' welfare on ship-board, and on arrival, as the Governments, home and colonial, might combine to do. The tide of emigration, too, has set too uniformly towards the United States; and this several speakers tried to counteract by dilating on the advantages of the Far West of Canada. Such a volume, giving the views of many speakers all thoroughly acquainted with the countries they speak about, is worth a whole library of books of travel. We were struck with Sir C. Nicholson's dictum that North Australia will probably be occupied by Chinese, unless we plant it with Hindoos. Mr. Tuke's remarks about State emigration as it concerns Ireland, and the vast amount yearly sent over from the States to "the Old Country," as an answer to the cry of Irish idleness, are worth reading.

The latter-day Radical has a clever knack of combining a specious plausibility of argument with an offensive intimidation of manner. The House of Lords has of late come in for much more than its fair share of threat and abuse *à propos* of its action in regard to the Land Bill; and is not surprising to find, therefore, a series of articles which recently appeared in the columns of that enthusiastic champion of democracy, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, republished in a collective form under the title, "Fifty Years of the House of Lords" (Macmillan and Co.). The volume deals in a characteristically violent manner with the Lords' behaviour in such matters as the government of Ireland, Parliamentary reform, religious equality, and various legal, social, and industrial questions; and though it is not to be denied that the Upper House has made mistakes, still in most instances its action was quite justified by the circumstances of the time. What sort of a record, we would inquire, would "Fifty Years of the House of Commons" show? Would it be so very much better than that of the House of Lords?

A pocketable little volume, likely to interest Continental tourists who have a scientific turn of mind, is "The Physiography of the Upper Engadine," by Francis Lloyd (Stanford). Mr. Lloyd has spent two months regularly during the last eight years at Pontresina, and in his numerous rambles and climbing expeditions has been led to speculate on ice-tables, ice-cones, movements of glaciers, and various other physical phenomena peculiar to this Alpine region. The book is modest, but thoughtful, and, with its map and interesting diagrams, will prove a pleasantly useful companion; the more so since it is furnished with a little scheme of short walks—with and without climbing—and with some interesting meteorological notes.

Every one, no doubt, should study his or her own health, but that every man should be his own doctor is a suggestion which, if acted upon, might lead to misery and mischief. We know some people who "doctor" themselves with sublime confidence in their own powers and strange fearlessness of consequences; but significantly enough they are always more or less "queer," and sometimes very ill indeed. We are therefore not much inclined to welcome Mr. Richard Herring's "Health Preservation" (Longmans and Co.), which consists of thirty "valuable" prescriptions by "eminent London physicians" (who, by the way, are not named) with practical remarks thereon to "facilitate family use." The remarks are clear enough, it is true, and the prescriptions may be all right; but we think Mr. Richard Herring incurs some measure of responsibility in issuing his little work.

There is not much to be said for Mr. Thistleton Dyer's "Domestic Folk-lore" (Cassell's Monthly Shilling Library). It is a fairly readable *rechauffé* of our household superstitions—i.e., such as appertain to birth, marriage, death, dress, furniture, food, ailments, and the like; and will no doubt serve to rouse interest in the minds of such as may be ignorant of the subject as a special branch of literature.

There is unusual and touching interest in "A Funeral Sermon" (Macmillan and Co.). It was preached by Dr. Vaughan on the late Dean Stanley, in Westminster Abbey. Such a sermon is above criticism, it is to be treasured up in the heart; that at least we think must be the thought of those who heard, and such the thought of those who now read it. Its words are simple, yet tenderly beautiful in their simplicity, and by that very quality help to carry straight to the heart the ideal perfection of the Dean's life and character. Dr. Vaughan chose for his text the passage in St. Matthew: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Perhaps nothing could have been more appropriate. "I," says the Doctor, "I who have 'known him longest,' I, who for half a century have been his companion, his confidant, his friend, at last his brother, can say this of him, as I lay him in his grave, never, never, never, did I know him other than pure."

"Motifs for Panel and Other Decoration," by John Ward, Birmingham, is a series of designs in four parts, the first two of which have reached us. If wanting somewhat in originality, the drawings are otherwise very acceptable, for they possess in some respects, and more particularly in the matter of floral illustration, much of the grace and freedom which can only come of close and appreciative study of Nature. Perhaps there is displayed a tendency to truckle just a little to the not always commendable popular taste; but this is hardly to be avoided in a too-commercial age. With these reservations, Mr. Ward's suggestions are likely to be of service to all workers in our art-industries, and also, in more ways than one, to those whose dilettantism leads them to practice in a mild way china-painting, art-embroidery, and the like.

"The Library," by A. Lang, the latest volume of "Art at Home" (Macmillan), is to us the most valuable and interesting contribution to the series. In this little work Mr. Lang has given us not simply a handbook, but a really erudite and comprehensive treatise on books and book-lovers. In the chapter on the Book Hunters he takes us lovingly through the various discoveries and bargains which bibliomaniacs have effected—not forgetting one or two experiences of his

own; while in his chapter on the "Library" he warns us of the dangerous "enemies of books"—both human, such as the "biblio-klept," and that foe of all libraries, the worm. He tells the young collector what books to choose, how to bind them, and bids us beware—a caution far too much disregarded in these days—of the danger gas in our literary treasure rooms. The book is appropriately illustrated, and is one which every man with a score of books that he prizes should not be without. There is a capital article at the close by Mr. Austin Dobson on illustrated books, wherein we find reproduced the engravings of many an old friend, from those of Thomas Bewick to the designs of Tenniel, and from the drawings of genial humorous George Cruikshank to the creations of Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, and Randolph Caldecott.

"Practical Boat Building and Sailing," which appears to have been compiled by a triad of authors: Messrs. Adrian Neison, C.E., Dixon Kemp, A.I.N.A., and G. Christopher Davies (L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand), is a capital manual for the present season when all the world is on yachting bent. There the tyro will learn the various designs of yachts, the numerous rigs, and the details of the sails and rigging, together with the ordinary sailing rules of which no one who aspires to sail the smallest craft of his own should be ignorant. All is clearly and concisely explained, and the book would be a useful companion to many a non-yachtsman at the seaside to whom nautical terms at present are as so much Sanscrit.

#### DEER STALKING AND DRIVING

CERTAINLY the most exciting, and apparently the most costly sport in which Englishmen indulge at home is deer-stalking. Salmon-fishing cannot be considered a particularly cheap amusement, and a good deal of money may be easily spent in yachting. But when it comes to "chasing the wild deer and following the roe" within the British Isles, even Monte Christo might draw back aghast at the expense. The curious thing is that while the prices of other luxuries are influenced by the state of trade and other economic considerations, the value of deer-forests goes on steadily rising. It is estimated that in some parts of Scotland rents have increased twenty-fold in as many years, and never did "forests" touch higher figures than at the present time, when every one almost is complaining of want of money.

Lucky the man who can get some deer-stalking either in his own or in somebody else's forest, or indeed anywhere where stalking can be had. It is noble sport, and brings out some of the best moral and physical qualities of a man as well as increases the stock of them. The stalker, like the "counselful" Ulysses, must be a man of many resources, bold but cautious, quick but careful, always hopeful but never too sanguine. Physically he must be what old writers called a man "of good bottom," and to be this he must be a temperate man, in the best sense of the word; and more or less he must be in good training, and for the time being sound in wind and limb. It does not do to have to take out a white handkerchief to mop a perspiring brow, as did the immortal "Mr. Briggs," when you have just reached a point on which a "monarch of the glen," with whom you wish to form closer acquaintance, most surely has his eye; nor at critical moments can you afford to cough or sneeze. But of course every one is not a model deer-stalker, and somehow or other, by hook or by crook, members of the Brown, Jones, and Robinson families, by no means "to the manner born," and but sorry stalkers, provocative of the inward laughter of the gillies, are to be found stalking.

Deer-stalkers for some time past have been complaining as to the size and heads of the deer. This is not to be wondered at, as certainly they do not run so heavy as they used to do, as witness the antlered trophies in many a Highland mansion and forest lodge. The fact is the sport is suffering from over-preserving, and as the deer become more "domesticated" their tendency is to deteriorate in size. Moreover, there is another "cause and effect" in the matter. In breeding most animals the finest males are selected for the stud, while owners of forests who may be said to breed deer select the finest males for the rifle. In days gone by the majority of the finest stags saved themselves for many long years by their cleverness, but they are not so wary now; moreover, now the moment a stag grows horns finer than his brother stags he is doomed to death, and everybody is after the "muckle stag" of Ben-something or other. Of course he is ultimately shot, and ceases to improve the breed. Still it is but natural that the stalker should endeavour to secure the prizes of the campaign; and who is so happy as he who gets a "Royal?" It is a mistake to suppose that all Royals are fine beasts, and perhaps their age is not so great as is generally believed; still a Royal is a Royal, and he who gets one is, for the time at least, a hero, and soon takes an opportunity of recording the feat by a cross notch on his crook stick.

Driving cannot be compared with stalking for real sport, and the young and long-winded should, as a rule, leave it to their elders of shorter breath. It is absurd, however, to write of it, as a well-known deer-stalker has written, as "a most Cockney, unsportsman-like proceeding, reducing the noble sport of deer-stalking to a level with a battue of pheasants and hares." It does nothing of the kind, and considerable generalship and sportsmanlike qualities are necessary to make a drive a success. A big drive is a picturesque sight, and sometimes very exciting. To drive a large district almost an army of beaters is needed. Sometimes a semicircle of ten or fifteen miles is formed, and something like 150 men are required to start the drive. As the *cordon* advances and narrows towards the point for which the deer are being driven, of course the deer and the beaters get closer and closer together, and even when the latter, towards the end of the drive in the selected pass, are only a few yards from one another, the deer, alarmed by something in front, will sometimes wheel round and "break back" through the drivers. Such an incident is well described in Scott's "Waverley" and Cooper's "Smuggler." A successful drive, however, may often be accomplished by a dozen men or less under certain geographical conditions, and so great is the experience of some beaters that with next door to an absolute certainty they can induce the deer to take a certain line terminating in a narrow pass.

But whatever be the merits or demerits of driving, when compared with orthodox stalking, both are exhausting enough, and poor humanity, whether scientific in sport or otherwise, requires refreshing, and the luncheon hut, where none fail, is always welcome.

J. J. M.

#### PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF THE CHOIR SCREEN AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE proposal to pull down the choir screen, and remove the organ loft, of Westminster Abbey, was first brought before the public some thirty-five years back, but the scheme was then considered inadvisable, and abandoned; from that time to the present, however, there have not been wanting advocates for the destruction of this feature of the Abbey. The daily press has again brought the question forward, and appears as a rule to favour the proposal.

The chief arguments advanced in favour of the destruction of the screen are—firstly, that its removal would greatly increase the space available for the congregation on Sundays; secondly, that the whole church would be visible from end to end without interruption to the fine perspective; and thirdly, that the screen itself is an ugly object and not worth preserving. Now these arguments, forcible as they seem to be, must not be allowed to go unchallenged; in the first place it must be clearly ascertained that more space is desirable, the fact that more space could be filled than is at present available does

not dispose of the question. Suppose, for instance, the nave and choir of Westminster Abbey thrown into one, the greater portion of the service would be simply inaudible to those in the nave, and if the sermon were preached in the nave, how many people in the transepts would hear a word of it? The fact is these great Cathedrals were never intended to be thrown open for congregational services, but they were provided with vast naves, which generally served for such purposes, for which they were admirably suited and amply sufficient, but directly the nave, choir, and transepts are thrown open it becomes impossible for the voice of one man to reach more than about one-third of the congregation.

With regard to the opinion advanced that the interior of the Abbey would be improved by the removal of the screen, it should not be forgotten that although the existing screen is a modern work of no very great architectural interest, it undoubtedly occupies the site of an ancient one, and, surely, if a screen in such a position is a disfigurement to the noble interior, the architects and builders who planned and constructed the church would never have placed one there. We must never forget that the men who erected such buildings as Westminster Abbey were far better qualified to form an opinion as to what was suitable to a Gothic church than we can possibly be. There has been of late years a rage for destroying choir screens both here and on the Continent, and the interiors of the Cathedrals of Munster and Bois-le-Duc have been simply ruined by the operation. The rich and beautiful effect of these two buildings has for ever gone, and they look about half the length which they did formerly. The choir screen at Durham Cathedral was removed some years back, but the effect was so cold, and the building looked so bare, that Sir G. Scott was called in to build a new one. Whether it is advisable to introduce choir screens into new churches is a question, but there cannot be the slightest doubt that whenever this important feature is removed from an ancient church the effect of the interior is more or less injured. The modern notion that one ought to see the whole of a building, or of a work of art, at one glance, has undoubtedly had much to do with this throwing open our cathedrals, but such an idea is destructive of the fundamental principles of mediæval architecture. Mystery, sub-division, and partial concealment are essential elements of a great Gothic building, and directly they are done away with the style is robbed of its poetry, and ceases to charm us.

There are two other arguments against the removal of the screen at Westminster Abbey which need to be taken into consideration. The first is the miserable effect which it would have upon the appearance of the weekday congregations. Instead of being kept together, as they are now, the worshippers would be scattered about all over the building, separated by vast gaps of empty benches, and then how about the choir? We would ask, are there funds available to increase it to double or treble its present power, which would be necessary if the screen were removed?

The other difficulty to which we refer is the fact that one of the recesses in the screen (that to the left in our sketch), is occupied by the monument of Isaac Newton, which would have to be removed, and there is really no place in the church available for its re-erection. The same remarks are equally applicable to the corresponding monument to the Earl of Stanhope. Where they are placed at present these two monuments are decidedly ornamental, and look remarkably well, as they were evidently designed with a view to their situation. But if the screen is pulled down there is no other position which they could occupy in the Abbey without becoming a positive disfigurement to the building. The reconstruction and rearrangement of the organ would be another difficulty which would have to be considered. In short, the removal of the Choir Screen at Westminster Abbey would be so surrounded with difficulties, that it is to be hoped the Chapter will come to the same decision which they did in 1847, and let things remain as they are.

H. W. BREWER

#### BUTTERFLY BELONGINGS

To the charm of the increase of colour in our suburban gardens at this time of the year, the charm of brilliant butterflies is added, as it is when the sun is at its height, and tints are strongest, that those most richly painted are on the wing. To think of butterflies is to think of summer, and few would associate them with the fogs of late autumn or the frost of winter, yet are they always with us, taking their tinge from the time of year for their chief colours, as a rule, are assimilated to the prevailing tints of the flowers they frequent—primrose, blue-grey, blue, and white; yellow, dark-blue, red, and crimson; scarlet, orange, bronze, and purple; brown, and fawn, and grey. Of moths and butterflies there are so many that we can here only glance at the chief ones, to show which we must look for as the months go by.

Thus to begin with the first month, *January*—when "winter drives along the darkened air," and the birds are collecting—wood-pigeons, chaffinches, starlings, and larks—and we hear the song in snug coves of the blackbird and thrush, we may find, even then, in a sheltered and sunshiny place, some Winter-moths and a Brimstone butterfly; and hear, should the month be mild and the gorse in bloom, the hum of a few busy gnats, and the boom of Dor-beetles. Next comes *February*, "with chill damp earth and dripping sky," and when snowdrops are peeping and birds' notes are heard—the blue titmouse, the yellow-hammer, the woodlark, and dove—we shall have on the oaks other signs of spring in that earliest of moths that we call Spring Usher; and on the elms and thorns at the end of the month we shall also find the Eggar. Then in *March*, when "Neath the blackest cloud the sunbeams fling their cheering promise of returning spring," and youngsters flock "to gather king-cups in the yellow mead, and prink their hair with daisies," we get some hibernating Tortoiseshells with the Brimstone butterflies, and the larva of the Speckled Wood and the caterpillar of the Greyling; and as we get further into the month when daffodils deck the cottage crofts to "take the winds of March with beauty," moths will be found in abundance—Pale Brindled, Oak Beauties, Drabs, and Quakers; and as the wryneck is heard and birds are building—the chaffinch, the woodlark, the blackbird, and thrush—the Dor-beetle will be on the wing, and the Whirlwig, the Ground, and Sunshiners be seen; and when the fieldfares are going and the martins arrive, some swift-flying humble-bees will be out in the sun.

*April* brings us to warmer weather; to tufted primroses and young green leaves; to violets, hyacinths, and wood-anemones that "coy anemone that ne'er uncloses her leaves until they're blown on by the wind," and it is in this month when there is such a profusion of flowers in mead and wood, "as if the rainbows of the fresh wild spring had blossomed where they fell," that we shall find the caterpillar of the Speckled Wood, and the larva of the Meadow Brown, also the most noticeable of the night-flying moths, the Water Carpet and the splendid Emperor, whose caterpillar colour is green and gold. Then as April merges into May, and the ladybirds come to the cuckoo's cry, we get the Cockscomb Prominent, which will remain with us as long as a leaf is green. It is in April, too, "the month of changing lights, and sun, and shower," that we see, in the commencement of bloom in the orchis tribe, that resemblance to insects—the fly, the spider, bee, and butterfly—that is so striking, and which reminds us in its seeming link betwixt flowers and insects of that link in sea-anemones between fish and flowers. With the nightingale month of *May*, the month for cowslips and apple-bloom, hawthorn and buttercups, comes that rare fine butterfly, the Swallow Tail, which in its caterpillar form is so richly coloured with orange, and soft green, and velvety black; and we also get when the swift, and the swallow, and the blackcap come, the Orange Tip and the two

Fritillaries, the Greasy, and Pearl Bordered, and which may be looked for in that "fluttering time of sweet forget-me-nots," as soon as the goldfinch and bullfinch have eggs in their nests. In *June*, sunny *June*, the month of roses, and honeysuckles, and unfolding ferns, when, save "a gossip of swallows throughout the sky," most birds are quiet, "as if the lovely songsters lay entranced in drowsy lethargy," we have a very good month for the entomologist; for not only are the little blue butterflies in great force, including the Great Blue and the Chalk Hill, but the Fritillaries, too, the Meadow Brown, the Ringlet, and Grayling; and also many Hawk Moths, the Eyed, the Poplar, Lime Puss, Pug, and the Humming Bird; and towards the end of the month, when those late-layers, the fly-catcher, the reed warbler, and the green linnet have eggs, some of the Prominent will, too, be seen, the Camel, the Dromedary, and the Zigzag moth; and many beetles, including the Great Stag, the Oil, and the little Pill.

A glut of insect life comes with *July*, that hottest month, "when all the birds are faint with the hot sun," and "all is silent, save the interrupted murmur of the bee," for limes, so very dear to bees, are dear to sundry moths, the Lime Hawk, Emerald, and Wood Leopard, Buff-Tip, and the Kentish Glory. Amongst the July moths we find the Dark Crimson Underwing, Tiger, Oak Egger, and Cinnabar, and also the Feather, the Heart, and the Dart, with others too many to mention. Of butterflies, in this month of foxgloves, and poppies, and bindweed bells, we have many beauties, such as the Large and Small Tortoiseshell, the Painted Lady, the White Admiral, that loves the woodbine, and the Purple Emperor, that loves the oak. In *August*, when "before the ripened field the reapers stand," and "bind the wheat in sheaves," we have, in addition to the July ones, two other fine ones, the rare Camberwell Beauty and the Scarlet Admiral; and the Hair Streaks, too, in their respective colours of brown, green, black, white, and purple, together with the Silver Y and the Brown-tailed moths. This, by the bye, is the month when moth-catching begins, and it goes on till the end of October; and it is also the month for finding, when the lapwings are strutting, and the cuckoo is gone, those beetles called Bombardiers. With the hop month, *September*—that "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," when nuts and acorns drop, and leaves are tinged—we get that gaily-hued butterfly, the beautiful Peacock, "arrayed in crimson, azure, emerald, and gold; with more magnificence upon his wing—his little wing—than ever graced the robe of royalty." We have also the pale Clouded Yellow and the common Small Heath; and when the teal come back, and the swallows are going, we shall find, with the Great Green Grasshopper, those well-known moths, the Privet, the Sword Grass, and the Great Death's Head.

In *October*—that "month of russet tints, and hips and haws, and ripening painted-apples"—a tribe of moths, with wasps for company, will be busy about the ivy-bloom; and chief amongst them shall we find the Red and the Yellow Quaker, with the Autumn Green Carpet, and the Pearly Underwing; and we shall see, as the sun shines out, a few late-bred brilliant butterflies, Blues and Hair-Streaks; and on the south coasts will be found the rare Queen of Spain Fritillary and the Clouded Yellow; and we have also amongst October moths the Feathered Thorn and the Dotted Chestnut. *November*; though it has dark dull days, and "nights bedimmed with hazy vapours," still finds us butterflies, in Brimstone, Yellow, Copper, and Bath-white. Moths, too; the Autumnal, November, and Red-green. Lastly, comes *December*—"the last of all the months, severest of them all"—in which we yet may have, with the scarlet holly, a few bright butterflies when the sun is shining—the Tortoise-shell, Admiral, Brimstone, and Peacock: together with the December and Chestnut moths, and that orchard-loving one, the little Winter. Thus do we get, with butterflies and moths, "the cycle of the Seasons;" twelve months wherein to wonder at their beauty.

SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP

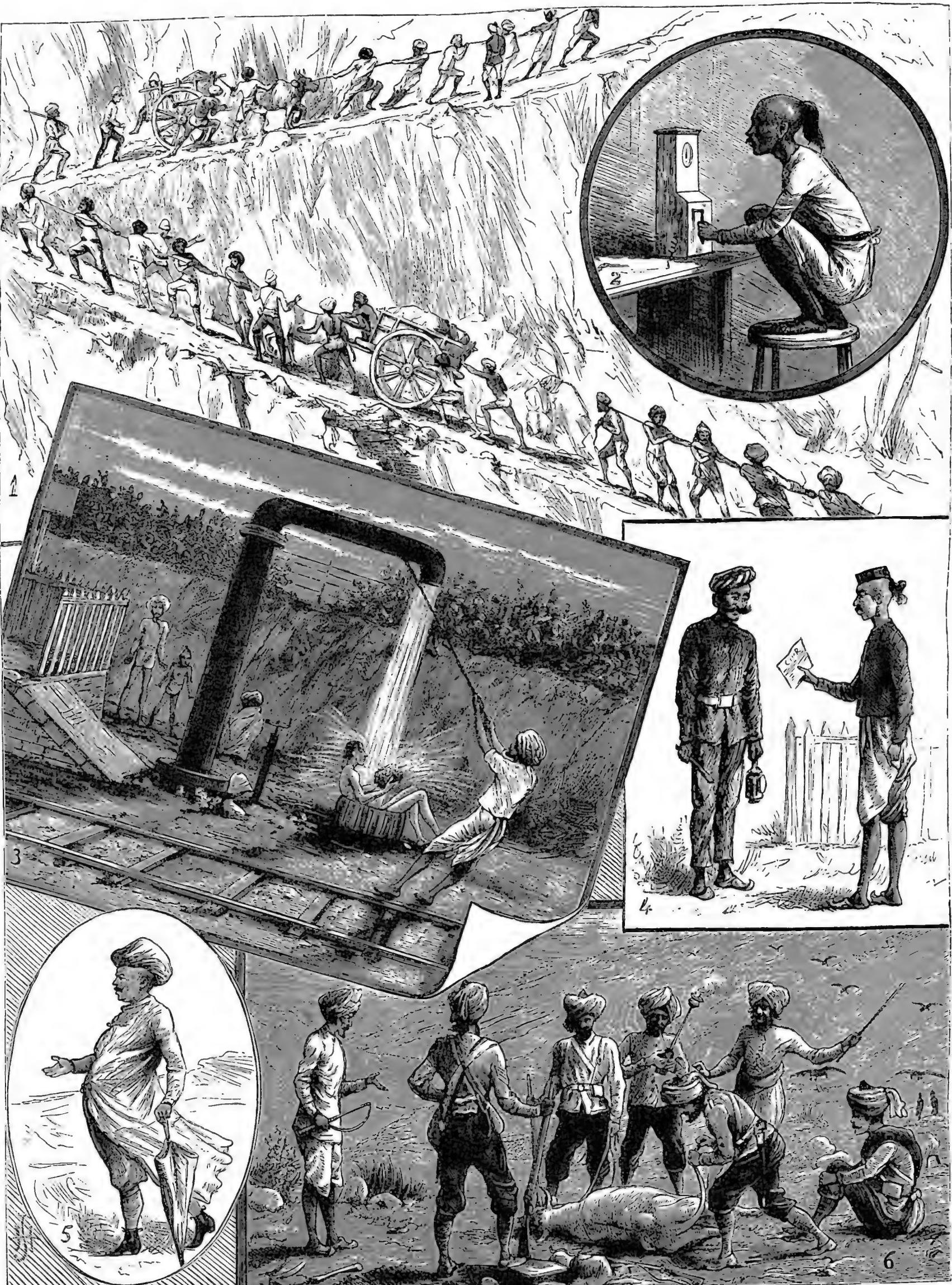
#### SOME LONDON CORNERS

It has been, and is, the fashion to think that, on the whole, the metropolis is a huge conglomeration of uncompromising ugliness. This idea, indeed, has ripened into a sturdy, thorough-going, and completely British prejudice, to conquer which will perhaps require the sapping and mining of much argument, and a long bombardment from the batteries of reason. It is not so long ago that a well-known painter, in addressing some Art students in the City, drew a mournful contrast between the London of the past and the London of the present, and there can be no doubt his hearers went home thoroughly convinced that, artistically at least, modern London is a Caliban amongst cities, out of which no inspiration of beauty or picturesqueness could ever come. There is, of course, some truth underlying this belief. But there is quite an equal amount of falsehood; and a mere glance round, with seeing eyes and appreciative mind and heart, will be sufficient to prove the statement.

Suppose we begin in Thames Street, in itself not wanting in those wavering and oddities and tricks of age which make a scene picturesque. The best time to see it is in the evening, when the bustle and hurry of Billingsgate has subsided, and simmered down into something like quietness and peace. If you glance up St. Dunstan's Hill, between Tower Street and Little Thames Street, you will see a "corner" which you would scarcely imagine could exist in such a spot. On the summit of the short, steep hill is the church of St. Dunstan's in the East, with its scrap of churchyard and pleasant trees, both combining and contrasting with the modern, but irregular, buildings on either side. It would be hard to say just what there is in the scene to make it striking—for striking it certainly is. There is very little to commend in the church—whose steeple, the work of Wren, is an abject libel on that of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne—there is less to commend in the houses on the hill. Yet the whole composes well, and in the twilight and still deep shadows is really beautiful and impressive. As one thus regards it, one can sympathise with the great classic architect (who was very proud of this poor piece of Gothic restoration) when, on being told that a terrific tempest had one night ruined all the steeples in the city, he nervously replied, "Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure!"

From St. Dunstan's Hill to London Bridge is but a step. The bridge and the river have been written about time out of mind; but the view from the Custom House corner of the former has always a never-failing interest, an attraction ever new. If anybody thinks that here in London we have little of God's and less of man's handiwork to inspire the artist and to interest the world, let him look for a moment on this scene of marvellous life, and feel "the beauty and mystery of the ships," the silent onward hurrying of the water, the dull gloom of smoke-drifts, and ghost-like beauty of distant mists, the vast shadow of endless lines of warehouses, and wonder of countless wharves—let him feel all this, and ask himself whether, even in the midst of its evidence of poverty as well as wealth, degradation as well as splendour, weakness as well as power, there is not in it some subtle suggestion of better things, some poetical influence to soothe the heart and make town life a little worth living to both the painter and the ordinary citizen?

Passing along Cheapside, on our way to Snow Hill, we note at the corner of Wood Street the familiar plane tree, with its bright suggestions of rural life, and remember also the little thrush, whose cage hangs, or used to hang, in a queer out-of-the-way corner, close by, where in the early morning, before the world's bustle had begun, the bird's sweet song might be heard, thrilling the air with passionate gladness. The Wood Street thrush, indeed, has long been an institution; it was there in Wordsworth's day, as all may know who read his ballad of "Poor Susan." The tree is likely to be an



1. Going Up the Zigzag Road in the Kojak Pass.—2. A Native Telegraph Clerk.—3. Having a Bath at Naidungir Railway Station.—4. Native Railway Officials.—5. A Baboo.—6. The Last Resource : He Won't Get Up : "Nai Chetta!"

INDIA—WITH A MILITARY TRANSPORT TRAIN



KILLING A SNAKE

BUNGALOW LIFE IN INDIA

THE LAST FOWL



A MENAGERIE RACE AT SINGAPORE

institution also, for it is guarded from destruction by the terms of the lease of the neighbouring houses, the holders of which are not even allowed to build an additional storey that might prove injurious to it. This is as it should be. Would that other London trees were like protected!

The sweeping changes resulting from the building of the Holborn Viaduct has produced, amongst others, a whole crop of "corners" opposite the Old Bailey, which also is fast losing its old-world air, and putting on a modern appearance hardly in keeping with its surroundings and traditions. But though much of the quaint interest which once belonged to the spot chosen by our artist has vanished, the new buildings fast rising up (though not, perhaps, in the best taste) are not unhandsome as things go, and from a corner of Snow Hill—down which, in Queen Anne's days of courtly polish and elaborate refinement, stray but struggling matrons were rolled helplessly in barrels by those desperate pests the "Mohocks"—a pleasant architectural picture may be viewed. In the background rises the dome of our great cathedral, instinct with airy grace and beautiful proportion; nearer the squat strength and gloomy solidity of the walls of Newgate, topped and relieved by one of the western towers of St. Paul's; and close at hand, the handsome Perpendicular tower and pinnacled *fagade* of St. Sepulchre's Church, wherein lies the grave of the celebrated Captain John Smith, "sometime Governor of Virginia and Admirall of New England," whose marvellous travels, captivities, sufferings, and escapes are so dear to the Americans of to-day. Close by here also, to the left, the celebrated Cock Lane ghost carried on his mystic little games; whilst equally near is Pie Corner, marking the spot where the Great Fire burnt itself out, and famous in the plays of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Shadwell.

It is an easy walk from St. Sepulchre's to Smithfield,—which, in spite of wholesale changes and destruction, still retains many features of interest, and picturesque "little bits," such as the quaint Gothic gateway built up in the old houses facing the Market. The arch is Early English in style, and through the iron gate we can see the sooty and blackened churchyard, with its ghastly tombs, of St. Bartholomew the Great, one of the best known and most interesting churches in London. There are several old and dilapidated houses in the neighbourhood, culminating in the thoroughly tumbledown and picturesque "corner" to be seen in Cloth Fair—a spot, indeed, which is well worth a visit, if only to convince one of its existence in this nineteenth century London. The whole of this ground is sacred with tradition, for it is part of the site of St. Bartholomew's Priory, founded in the twelfth century by one Rahere, a "pleasant witted gentleman." Some idea of the grandeur of the original edifice may be gathered from the fact that the present church consists only of its choir, with the first bay of the nave, and some fragments of the transepts. Even these remnants, however, are strikingly impressive; and, if space permitted, much might be written of them and the beautiful tombs and monuments which they contain.

In Cloth Fair, it may be mentioned, resided and worked at his trade of cloth making the father of Sir Igino Jones, and the parish register of St. Bartholomew's-the-Less (also built by Rahere) records the baptism of the famous architect. The chief reason that Cloth Fair affords such a picturesque collection of ancient buildings is that it escaped the Fire. The houses are mostly of Elizabethan or Jacobean date, but some are yet older, having been built by that disreputable favourite of "good" King Hal, Lord Rich, to whom the Priory was granted, with many privileges, at the dissolution of the monasteries.

Canonsbury Tower is another relic of vanishing London—i.e., the London that is, for Canonsbury was quite separated from the City by pleasant open fields, and even now bears something of its original quietude and rural repose. The tower is fifty-eight feet high, and rises above the squares and houses of the modern suburb, almost unaltered. It is of rugged brick, and was in all probability built by Bolton, the last Prior but one of St. Bartholomew, to which the manor was given by Ralph de Berners before the time of Henry III. In 1570 it was bought from Lord Wentworth by Sir John Spencer, who appears to have restored it. Since then it was "let in lodgings" to various literary men, who resorted thither "for economy," and the sake of the pure air. Amongst others, Chambers, the author of the "Cyclopaedia," John Newbury the publisher, and Oliver Goldsmith are recorded to have stayed here. There are some interesting old houses in Canonsbury Place, behind the Tower, which is now leased to a Young Men's Christian Association.

Returning to Holborn, by way of Pentonville and Gray's Inn Road, we arrive at the corner of Gray's Inn Lane, now fast being metamorphosed out of its original meandering picturesqueness, and, it must be added, dirty squalor, into a broad, modern thoroughfare. Opposite is Staple Inn, with its gables of the time of James I., and quaint, homely, comfortable architecture following the bend of the street. This grand old house is almost unique, and may be said to be one of the sights of London. Its bold, projecting stories, and its innumerable windows of curious design, have a fresh charm in the midst of their modern surroundings. In the centre is an arched doorway, leading into the two irregular quadrangles of the Inn, so admirably, yet so differently described by Dickens in "Edwin Drood" and by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who somehow strayed in here on his first visit to London.

Another quaint corner is that in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the entrance to Clare Market. But if it is quaint it is also unutterably dirty, being a spot where costers most do congregate, with their ragged, shoeless, mud-begrimed, and generally unkempt offspring. Close by, though not shown in our illustration, is the well-known "Old Curiosity Shop," which, if we are to believe a recent writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, is the original of Dickens' exquisitely pathetic story. Its chief "curiosities" now appear to be old books and mouldy and unsavoury-looking waste-paper. Seven Dials is perhaps too dirty, too deeply sunk in squalor and misery and degradation to be really picturesque. Yet it is not without something of that quality, as our little sketch well enough shows.

From Seven Dials to the corner of Bond Street is not a long distance, yet the contrast between the two could not be greater. In the one all the evidence of poverty, coarseness, and vice; in the other every sign of wealth and refinement—if there is not exactly virtue, vice is at least hidden. And if, as many may say, the corner of Bond Street is wanting somewhat in the finer qualities of art and picturesqueness, still its influences scarcely drag one down, and some of them—those of brightness, prosperity, cheerful colour, and pleasant vivacity, have each their good effects, and are not to be despised.

HARRY V. BARRETT



"LOVE, HONOUR, AND OBEY," by Iza Duffus Hardy (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is, in point of interest and importance, entitled to take a place beside "Glencairn"—hitherto the best of Miss Hardy's novels. The title is a trifle unfortunate, in so far as it seems to promise yet another exposition of the rights or wrongs of matrimony. So far from this being the case "Love, Honour, and Obey" proves to be a highly-finished psychological romance based upon studies of individual character, for which neither the marriage laws nor the marriage service are made answerable. The plot is strong in itself and well constructed, while the surrounding incidents

hang closely together, and are made essential to the main course of the story. The principal interest of the novel arises from the double love of Silas Wolfe for his second wife, who is in every way worthy of his entire devotion, and for the first wife whom he had not only believed to be dead, but whom he had thought unfaithful to him before his desertion of her had made her so in reality. How this situation, complicated and aggravated by other circumstances, made him, though neither weak nor evil by nature, guilty of the murder of one of the two women whom he loved, is a situation reminding us a little not only in its painfulness, but in its force and directness, of the story of Paul Ferrell. Considerable courage was displayed in the choice of a subject so completely different from the merely sentimental topics to which ladies' pens mostly confine themselves, but Miss Hardy has quite sufficiently justified her courage. She has achieved the unusual feat of creating an interesting hero, though to the necessary loss of the sympathy which at the outset her readers are made to feel with him. Many of the detached passages are excellent—notably the description of how the two friendless children, Zeb and Silas, arrived in London. It is gratifying to find that so able a novelist as Miss Hardy advances in almost every important quality as she proceeds—in care, in finish, in construction, and in ambition. "Love, Honour, and Obey" is perhaps the best of her novels: but it encourages the hope that it will not remain the best for long.

"Ireland's True Daughter," by Marcellina (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), is a gushing young *ingénue* of thirty, who, with the very best intentions, breaks the heart of an angelic baronet, and causes the villain of the story to commit suicide. This villain, George Lionel, is described as "a depraved, low-minded, unscrupulous licentiate, well known in the lowest society." We are not told from what college or faculty he had received his diploma, or in what profession he was licensed to practice: and are therefore constrained to guess that by a "licentiate" "Marcellina" means a licentious person. If so, Mrs. Malaprop herself never did anything better. As a set off, her pattern cavalry officer and model bank clerk are so far from being "licentiates" as to talk to one another like prim and bashful young ladies, and are incapable of the slightest impropriety. The "licentiate," with his gloomy "Ha Ha!" his grinding teeth, harsh voice, and other similar tricks, is at any rate welcome as an old friend—perhaps he holds his licence from some ancient school of melodrama. The story mainly consists of a catalogue of the nosegays which the heroine used to gather after breakfast, and of the dresses in which she gathered them: for the account of how the licentiate tried to palm off a theft upon the bank clerk, and then, being rejected by "Ireland's True Daughter," jumped into a pond, is little more than a childish episode. Why a girl of thirty, who prattles like a baby and does nothing else worth mentioning, should be a true daughter of Ireland than of anywhere else, we do not know: but then "Marcellina" does not seem to know that people are not indicted at police courts, or that the interference of a judge to obtain pardon of an innocent man who has been convicted before him is not only permissible, but indispensable. Her scraps of psychology are extremely curious, as when she sets down the inability to invent excuses for one's wrong doing as the sign of a weak mind. If—as we are often tempted to wish—a licence, after examination, were necessary for the practice of the art of fiction, the list of licentiates would not, at present, include the name of "Marcellina."

The names of a few of the characters of "Alice Warner," by Mrs. John Allen (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), will help the intending reader to form some notion of what its authoress thinks likely to prove amusing. The Countess of Knotmuck, Mr. Stunheart, Miss Warps, and Mr. Duhall (a swindler), are people whose ancestors have cruelly if appropriately labelled them. If Mrs. Allen pleads in behalf of this form of silliness the precedents of the fiction and comedy of very long ago, she ought to be made aware both that the old character names were seldom stupid, and that the custom has been given up for reasons too obvious to be worth mentioning. A good deal can be guessed from trifles of this kind, and the experienced reader will scarcely need to be told that the novel is neither lively, pleasing, nor over-refined. Many pages are occupied with the interchange of absolutely pointless abuse between a groom who is both in love with his mistress and her accomplice in the murder of her husband, and his sister: we have a lady of rank who takes money from her son-in-law to serve him as a spy on her own daughter: and, in short, a long set-out of people and incidents whose sole apology for being written about seems to be that they are unlikely, as disagreeable, and as uninteresting as a by no means skilful pen can make them.



THE SEASON has taken a turn for the worse since the end of July. Very broken weather has prevailed, harvest has been interrupted, and early wheat often got in damp condition. The rainfall, although intermittent, has been heavy. In spite of spells of heat and sunshine, settled geniality seems to have forsaken the air, and mildew has spread among the wheat fields. Reports, however, are still generally better than last year, and much better than 1879. All reports confirm previous impressions that barley is likely to be the principal cereal crop, for quantity and quality combined.

SCOTCH FARMERS are very discontented. The weather is bleak and cold, the wheat is a thin crop, oats are under average, even barley and beans will not exceed a mean. Turnips have proved a great disappointment. They frequently had to be twice resown, and after getting a start disease appeared.

ENGLISH WHEAT has risen in price, and the markets are generally in favour of the seller. Great firmness prevails in the markets of the United States.

IRELAND seems to have good crops this year. Potatoes are undoubtedly a splendid yield, and the hay crop, although rather light, turns out of excellent quality. Turnips and mangel-wurzel promise a large yield, and swedes are doing very well. Wheat is a mediocre crop, but then there is but little grown. Barley, where cultivated, is often over an average, and oats have fared better than in Great Britain. The one drawback is the weather, which is now chilly and damp.

IRISH AGRICULTURE.—A public company with a capital of four millions sterling is being got up in London for the purpose of acquiring and reclaiming waste lands in Ireland, and for other purposes connected with the agricultural exploitation of the country.

IRISH OUTRAGES have been of sinister frequency during the past fortnight, and Emergency Committees have had to reap the crops of unpopular landlords. The Land League movement has proceeded so far as to threaten the English tenants of Irish landlords holding English as well as Irish estates.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have agreed to a motion brought forward by Mr. Whitehead, that prizes should be offered by them for fruit and vegetables grown on market gardens and fruit farms. The Society have also agreed to a motion of Mr. Wilson to offer prizes for dead poultry and for poultry management. The official encouragement thus offered by the Society is very timely,

and should turn the attention of many farms to two important branches of agricultural economy.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—Successful exhibitions have just been held at Merthyr and Tydfil by the Glamorgan, at Market Drayton by the Shropshire, and at Hull by the Yorkshire Agricultural Societies. The very large number of 362 entries at an out-of-the-way exhibition at Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, is worthy of record. On the 23rd, an Agricultural Show will be held at Richmond, Yorkshire; on the same day a show will open at Ormskirk. The 24th sees Shows at Blackpool and Jarrow, the 25th a Show at Llanrwst, and the 27th an Exhibition at Halifax.

LORD LYNTON has let the Home Farm at Knebworth to a Scotchman on a ten years' lease. The conditions are these: The tenant receives house, outbuildings and fences in good order, and when they want repair the landlord is to furnish materials. During the last three years of the lease, the landlord is to pay for half the artificial feeding stuffs and manure bones, and at the end of the lease the tenant is to receive compensation for improvements. The farm consists of 220 acres, 4-5ths arable. Rent £200, landlord paying tithes and taxes.

LANDLORDS and LABOURERS.—Speaking at Hayward's Heath the other day Mr. J. S. Leadam said that while he believed the landlords of England to be an exceedingly honourable, well-intentioned body of men, he regretted to have to say that the cottages of the agricultural labourers were in such a state as to impair the labourers' efficiency, and to promote a tendency to emigration. Dr. Jessop, in the *Nineteenth Century*, bears very similar testimony. The state of our agricultural cottages Dr. Jessop considers a crying scandal to the whole land.

POTATO GROWING has been the object of a curious experiment just completed. A pound of early potatoes were taken, and allowed to sprout freely. From each potato a sprout was broken, and potatoes and sprouts were then planted in separate rows. Both grew well, and the following is the result of the experiment: from the sprouts, which weighed in all half-an-ounce, 5 lb. 5 ounces of sound potatoes have been obtained, and from the pound of potatoes 5 lb. 4 ounces, showing a slight balance in favour of the sprouts. The sprout potatoes were the more regular in shape, the earlier in growth, and the firmer in substance.

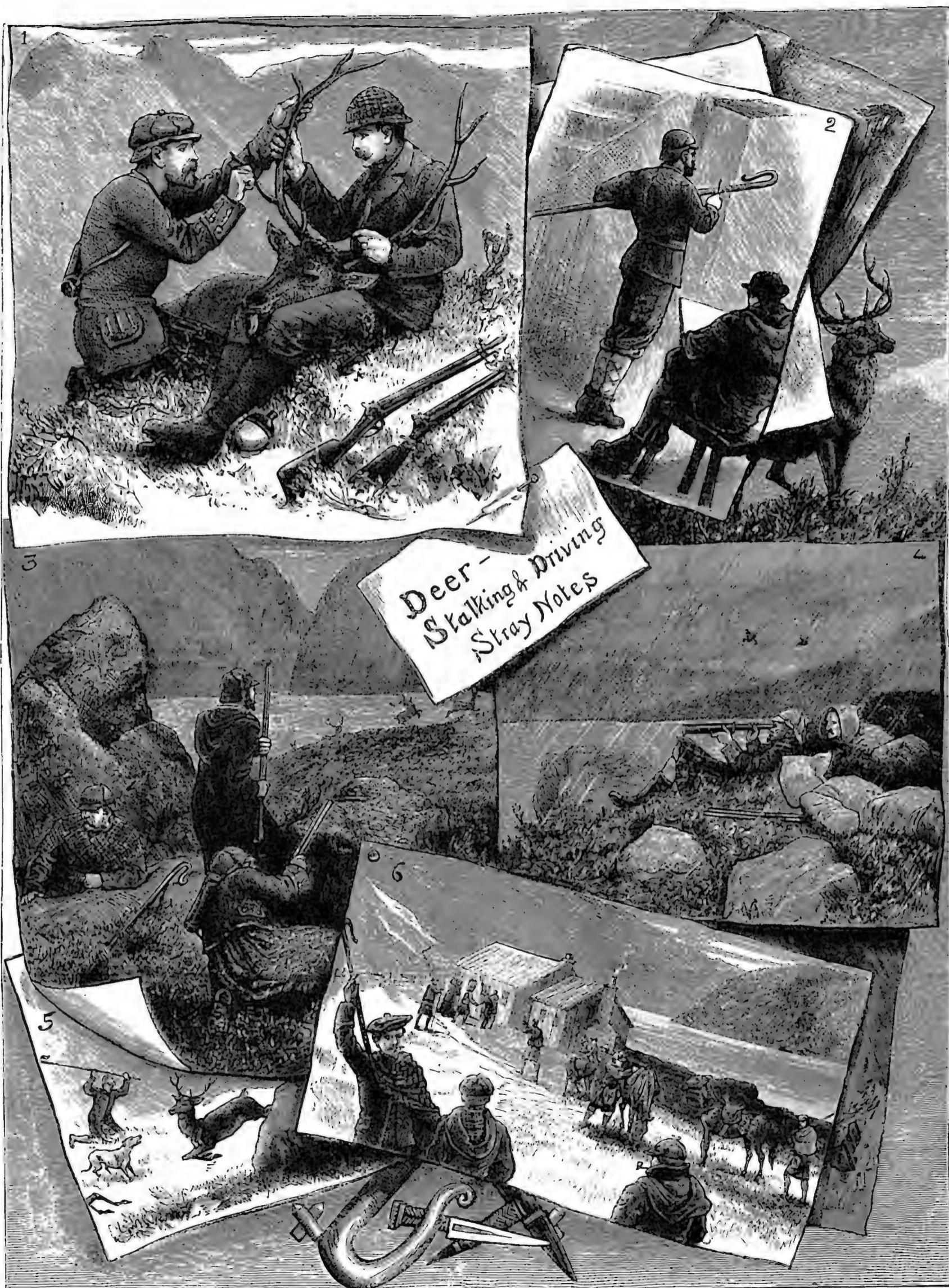
MISCELLANEOUS.—A severe encounter took place on Wednesday night between poachers and game-keepers on Lord Mostyn's preserves, near Holywell, Flint. The poachers escaped, inflicting severe injuries on the keepers.—On Monday the sparks from a train fired and destroyed about three acres of barley at Margate.—A severe storm visited Lancashire on the 18th. At Lytham and Blackpool the sea washed over the promenade.—At the London Dairy Show, to be held from the 15th to 20th September, £1,500 will be given in prizes.—Mr. James Howard, M.P., has been for two days under examination before the Royal Agricultural Commission.—This year's lamb sale at Sutton was very successful; nearly six thousand were offered for sale.—The Shetland Relief Fund has reached the sum of 2,000.—Friday, the 12th, was very stormy at Hastings, the sea wall being shaken, and the old Custom House washed away.

#### NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Choral societies are now making their preparations for the autumn season, and are eagerly looking out for novelties, secular and sacred. It is a mistake to introduce more than one novelty at a concert, as both executants and audience, especially in provincial towns or country villages, prefer to enjoy one well-known favourite in an evening. The above-named firm has just now published two well contrasting works for a Christmas concert in the shape of a sacred cantata as yet unknown, *Salvator Mundi* (Saviour of the World), and a new score edition of the ever popular serenata, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. The first-named work is quite within the power of any well-trained choir and soloists. The libretto, taken from Holy Writ, is admirably adapted and arranged by F. E. Weatherly, who proves himself to be equally at home when treating of grave as of gay subjects. The music, by Arthur E. Dyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon., is of no ordinary type. The thrilling and solemn themes of our Saviour's Agony, Death, Burial, and Resurrection have been ably treated both from a literary and musical point of view. Most worthy of notice are: "Chorus of Disciples" (No. 2), "Trio for Female Voices" (No. 5), and "Chorale of Disciples" (No. 12). The final double chorus, "Amen," is cleverly written and worked out, but of a conventional type. Of the secular work nothing new can be said, for who with the least pretence to musical taste and knowledge is not well acquainted with Handel's ever popular *Acis and Galatea*? In the original score the instrumentation was very meagre as compared with the extensive resources of our modern orchestra. Mozart added considerably to the instrumental parts, clarinets, bassoons, horns, and a viola, and further improvements and additions have been made recently. The edition before us, for orchestra and vocal parts, with German and English words, will prove of great value both to small and large choirs.—Musical instructors in schools and private circles are often at a loss for showy and brilliant novelties with which to show off their senior pupils at Christmas scholastic displays. "Quatrième Ballade" (Op. 52), by F. Chopin, has been brilliantly and skilfully arranged by G. Alibrandi as a duet for two pianofortes. Students will find plenty of work in it well worth the trouble of practice and execution.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—It is evident that most of our modern ballad writers are out of sorts, and greatly in need of a holiday to get rid of the melancholy and morbid tone which pervades their compositions. "The Golden City," written and composed by Dora Gillespie and Suchet Champion, is full of the sorrowful sighings of a bereaved damsel; the introduction of the popular hymn-tune "Jerusalem the Golden," as supposed to be sung by the village choir in a neighbouring church, is effective, although the idea is by no means novel, but it will please many hearers.—Of precisely the same type, minus the hymn tune, is "Love, We Shall Meet Again," published in two keys, C and E flat. We need scarcely add that the "Meeting Again" is not in this world; the music is by Ethel, the words are by Gertrude Harraden.—A trifle more cheerful, but of the ultra affectionate school is "Doubting or Dreaming" (*Mon Coeur Tu frémis*). The tender French poetry is by Jules Barbier, translated into English by Theo. Marzials, the music by A. Goring Thomas.—It is not often that a word of praise is accorded to that *mauvais sujet* among birds, the cuckoo, but Wordsworth, looking upon it as the harbinger of spring, wrote a very charming address to it. "The Cuckoo" has been very prettily set to music by Maria E. H. Stisted; the compass is from D below the lines to F on the fifth line; as a schoolroom song it will be found useful.—A really excellent pianoforte piece is "Grande Valse Brillante," by W. G. Cousins; although decidedly difficult to master, it will amply repay the student who performs the task thoroughly, and may well be added to the pianist's *répertoire*.—A most ludicrous frontispiece, representing two lovers, we presume, worshipping a huge sunflower, and looking very limp and feeble, attracts attention to a set of waltzes by W. R. Thwaites. "The Awfully, Too, Too Utter," is the silly title of these really playable and danceable waltzes.—The picture of a chubby anti-aesthetic little child will please mothers, and commend to their notice "Queenie," a gavotte for the pianoforte by J. I. Musgrave, the music of which is fairly good and decidedly tuneful.

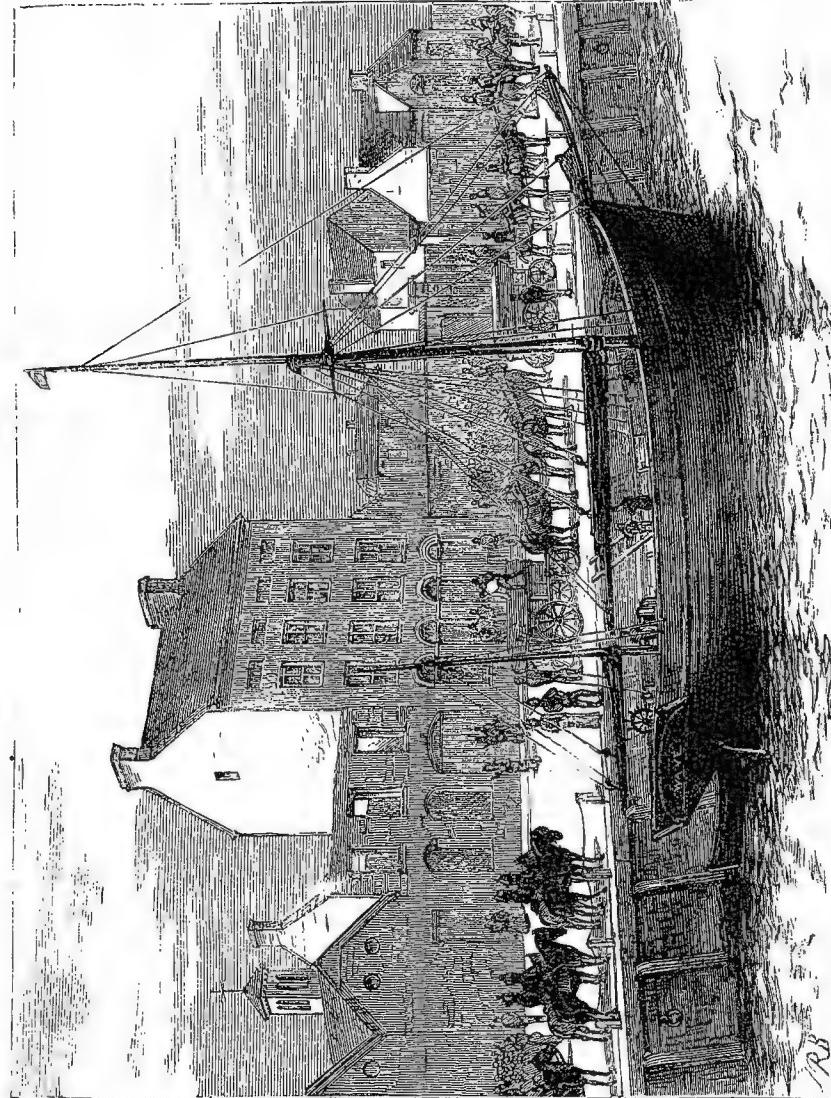




1. Stalking, Gratified Ambition : "We May Ca' It a Royal, and Nae Lee Whateffer."—2. Loch Muick Hut : The Artist Sketches, The Major Cross-Notches for His "Royal."—3. Driving : Shot through the Neck.—4. Driving : Anxious, "They've Broke Back through the Beaters, Sir."—5. Breaking Back.—6. Luncheon Hut : Rendezvous where None Fail.



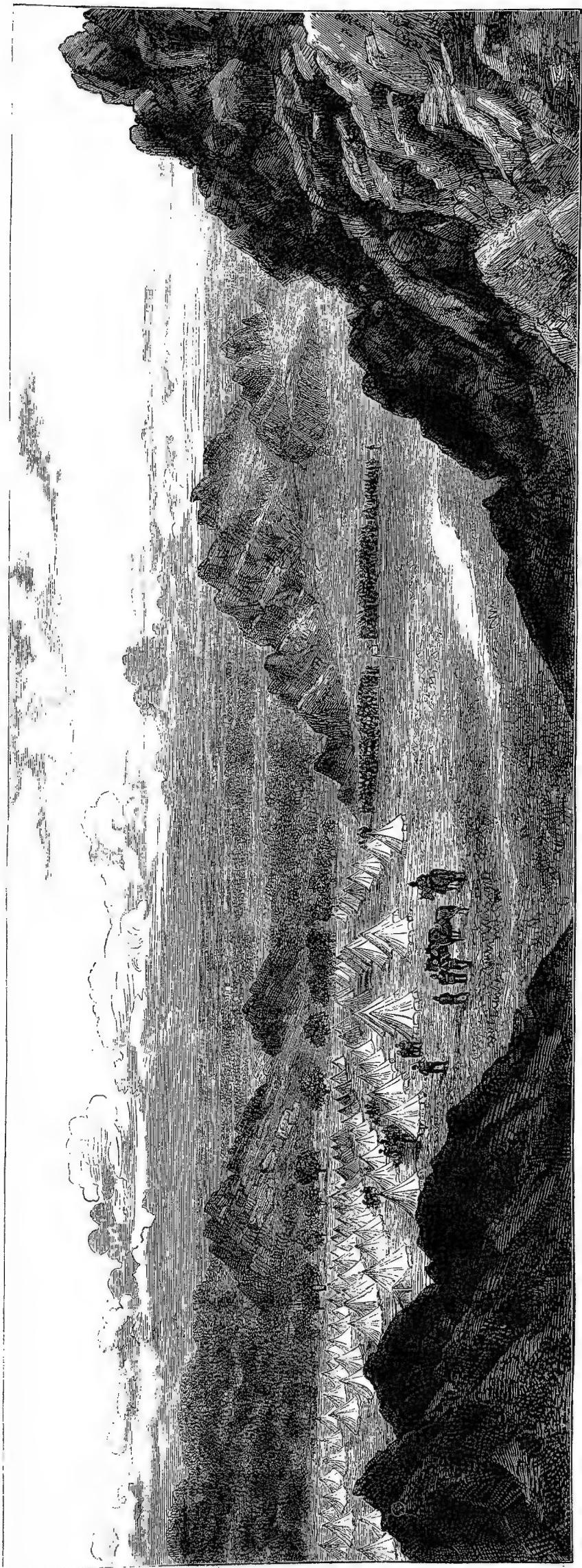
THE MEDICAL CONGRESS COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.—OBVERSE



IRELAND—DISCHARGING CARGO FROM THE BOYCOTTED SHIP "WAVE" IN CORK HARBOUR



THE MEDICAL CONGRESS COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.—REVERSE



CAMP OF THE FIRST LEICESTERSHIRE VOLUNTEERS AT HANGING ROCKS, CHARNWOOD FOREST



**FRANCE.**—The elections take place to-morrow (Sunday), when, to borrow an old expression of M. Gambetta's, "France will say what she thinks." Accordingly this week has been filled with orations and programmes of all shades of Republicanism, from the mild and somewhat uncertain Ministerial utterances to the fiery declamations of M. Clémenceau and his ultra-Radical followers. Thanks in a great measure to the influence of the latter, M. Gambetta has experienced a decided reverse of popularity at Belleville, where many of the electors find their ex-idol too Conservative for their present taste. M. Gambetta was ill-advised in holding his two great meetings semi-privately, for as the admittance was by ticket the bulk of his constituents considered their boasted "liberty and equality" invaded, and were proportionately aggrieved. Thus there were plentiful signs of discontent on the first occasion, when M. Gambetta gave an account of his stewardship, defending his past policy, and sketching his coming programme—reforms in the magistracy, three years' obligatory military service, the introduction of income-tax, and the further restriction of clerical power, with a hint of ultimate alterations in foreign affairs, which has already aroused Teutonic susceptibilities. Large crowds assembled outside, protesting against their exclusion, and the meeting ended in slight confusion. On Tuesday, however, M. Gambetta could not obtain a hearing at all, and at last lost his temper, and called his hearers "slaves" and other ugly names, which will be duly brought up in judgment against him. A perfect riot ensued, and M. Gambetta quickly disappeared, while, after considerable tumult outside, and sundry altercations with the police, the rest of the public followed his example peacefully, a few arrests being made. To be thus routed on his own chosen ground, "the cradle of his career," must be a bitter pill to the President of the Chamber, all the more so as his rising rival, M. Clémenceau, has been greeted with the utmost enthusiasm in the sister Radical constituency, Montmartre, and loudly maintains his devotion to that Advanced flag which M. Gambetta has gradually deserted. The Belleville incident has caused intense surprise, but it is a sign of the times that M. Gambetta's own organ, the *République Française*, still acknowledges that the liberty of meeting must be maintained, and, while vehemently abusing the disturbers, publishes a full account of the proceedings. It is justly remarked, however, that it would have been a more dignified course for the journal to ignore its leader's burst of passion. The Press generally have taken M. Gambetta's side in the present instance. There can be no doubt that M. Gambetta has lost much sympathy by his recent changed opinions and his somewhat vague programme, but still at the present time there is no one who can at all approach him in popularity. Even M. Ferry has shown his appreciation of the situation by virtually abandoning his own views, and meekly acquiescing in M. Gambetta's plans, "ready," as the journals sneer, "to become his lieutenant." The true bent of public opinion, however, will be fairly shown by to-morrow's ballot, for the Government are honourably doing all in their power to keep the elections as free as possible, issuing severe notices against all electioneering manœuvres, and particularly against the report of mobilisation. Probably there will be more abstentions than usual. As the important day draws near, the great mass of the French people, provincials especially, seem more and more indifferent.

Meanwhile Colonial difficulties sorely perplex the French Government, affairs in TUNIS looking very serious. All denials to the contrary apart, the Regency is in a most disturbed state, the Bey's authority is practically worthless, and until the summer heats are past European troops can do little to restore order. Accordingly bands of marauding Arabs are pillaging on all sides, and have surprised the French camp at Gabes by night, killing twenty men; while large bodies are reported round Sfax, though the town itself is quiet at present. Great alarm has prevailed at Tunis itself owing to the escape of the Sfax prisoners from the convict prison at Goleata, only some few being recaptured; while the departure of the French squadron has not conduced to improve confidence. In ALGERIA a flying column has gone in search of Bou Amena.

**PARIS** has been celebrating the Feast of the Assumption, when the Bonapartists took the opportunity for a demonstration at St. Augustin. The Electrical Exhibition is getting into shape, and already attracts large numbers of visitors, and King Kalakaua has been the lion of the day.—A terrible accident has occurred at Marseilles during a bullfight. The amphitheatre gave way under the enormous crowd; fourteen persons were killed and 175 seriously injured.

**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—Turkey shows unusual alacrity just now in carrying out the evacuation of the ceded territory. Although an additional delay of five days has been granted, the Porte promises to surrender Volo a fortnight earlier than the date fixed, and the military authorities aid the cession to the best of their power. The Delimitation Commissioners are hard at work; while brigands make the most of the temporary state of things by burning the crops in Thessaly, particularly selecting the Turkish estates.

In CONSTANTINOPLE Armenian reforms and finance are to the fore. The Financial Commission has met twice already, and Mr. Bourke and M. Valfray are expected on Sunday next. Nothing as yet has been done in Armenia, but Lord Dufferin has induced the Porte for the present to continue the British postal service between Beyrouth and Bagdad, which at present forwards letters from Constantinople in seventeen days, while the Turkish mail takes over two months. The Turkish Government, however, is still bent on abolishing foreign posts, and now wishes to suppress the Austrian service round Adrianople.

**GERMANY.**—The Anti-Jewish agitation has at length been seriously taken in hand by the authorities, but the movement has in a great measure passed beyond immediate control, and while the Government preaches moderation fresh excesses occur daily. A formidable demonstration against the Jews took place on Monday at Stettin, in Pomerania, and, as most of the garrison were absent at the manoeuvres, great anxiety was aroused, although the disturbance was eventually quelled. The damage done at Schivelbein and other small towns in the State is also very heavy. Emperor William himself has commanded the local officials to use all possible means against these "deplorable disturbances"; troops have been despatched to the worst affected districts, and numerous arrests made. Certain agitators, headed by Dr. Henrici, still, however, vigorously stir up strife, evidently with a political object.

The holiday season is nearly over, both the Emperor and Prince Bismarck have been to Berlin, and politicians have been looking forward to the coming elections, which will probably take place early in the ensuing month. The changed relations with the Vatican have given rise to a vigorous controversy, one journal declaring that the Government "has gone to Canossa," but, as a rule, public opinion is in favour of a concession. The project of converting Baden into a kingdom is also a fertile subject; while it has been further suggested that during the recent meeting of the Emperors the succession to the Bavarian throne was one of the chief affairs discussed.—Always ready to take offence on so tender a point, the German Press are much annoyed by M. Gambetta's Belleville insinuations of a possible recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Prince Bismarck's North German

*Gazette* sharply regrets that the French orator cannot let a year pass without exciting afresh the feelings of his nation against Germany and the *status quo*, adding that it is a duty for the German people to combat every attempt to represent the present friendly and neighbourly relations as transitory or provisional. That, however, the Germans themselves do not ignore the possibility of further hostilities is proved by an article on the fortifications of Paris in the *Mittler Wochenschatz*, wherein the writer asserts that Paris has been rendered such a formidable fortress that it would be almost impossible to completely invest the city, as in 1870.

**ITALY.**—The anti-Clerical agitation is decidedly on the increase, and throughout the country the Radicals have organised demonstrations against the law of Papal Guarantees. In most cases these meetings have been speedily curtailed by the police. Sunday being the eve of the Virgin's *fête* day, it was expected that some collision might occur in Rome, the Clerical journals having injudiciously suggested that faithful Catholics should specially illuminate as a reparation for the recent insults to the Church. Accordingly the military were called out, and on the Radicals assembling in force they were speedily dispersed. The Italian Government is in a very awkward position, being equally unwilling to yield to the Church, and to afford the Pope sufficient pretext for leaving Rome. Whether Pope Leo has any intention of departure, or whether the late report was merely a feaver to ascertain true popular opinion, is warmly discussed by the Press, a large share of whom vehemently deny that His Holiness had convoked the Cardinals, and point out that the Pope must be present at the Canonisation of Saints on December 8th, and moreover that he is not strong enough to undertake a sea journey.—Reports are now current of a meeting between the King of Italy and the Austrian and German Emperors with a view to a Triple Alliance.

**RUSSIA** is enjoying a temporary lull in public affairs, and is chiefly occupied with plans for placing the country under two distinct codes of regulations lately drawn up by a Commission. The first code will enforce the most rigorous state of siege, the second would impose milder measures. Steps for the protection of the Jews are being taken, and the Governors of the West Provinces have been ordered to supply statistics of the Jews and their occupations, in order that affairs may be more equally regulated in districts where the Israelites monopolise trade. A Radical Moscow journal has been suppressed, however, for condemning the mildness of the authorities during the recent anti-Jewish riots. Talking of newspapers, the well-known *Colos*, lately suspended, has a successor, the *Nieuw Gazette*, which is evidently identical in all but the name.—The *Kuldja* difficulty has at length been definitely settled, the Marquis Tseng having reached St. Petersburg with the Treaty duly ratified by the Chinese Government.

**INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.**—Ayoub Khan's continued inaction is strengthening the hands of the Ameeer, whose prospects seem to have considerably improved. Harassed by constant defection in his ranks, bitter quarrels among his followers, and the lack of arms and money, Ayoub remains in Candahar, forcibly recruiting troops, and striving to quell mutinous symptoms by small advances of pay. For this purpose he has levied heavy contributions from the Candahar merchants, and has also not increased his popularity in the city by prohibiting Hindoos to ride on horseback, and forcing them to return to the red turban and black girdle-badges of inferiority they had abandoned under British rule. Disaffection, however, is his worst trouble, for not only do the Cabuli soldiers gradually disappear, but three of his own regiments have refused to march on Cabul, and have consequently been disbanded, fresh troops being ordered up from Herat. He will be much relieved, however, by the Ameeer's evacuation of Kelat, which had hitherto been held by a strong force, and was a formidable obstacle on the road to the capital. On his side, Abdurrahman is stated to have a large army in Cabul, and to want neither arms nor funds, but he prefers to play a waiting game, leaving it to his enemy to make the first move. There has been a slight disturbance in the Khyber Pass, where the Zakh Khels, one of the tribes appointed to guard the Pass, have made a raid on the village of Sunga, near Peshawur. A large number of cattle were captured, and the marauders, though pursued, got off scot-free.

In INDIA proper the Government has decided to keep a brigade in the Punjab, fully equipped for active service in case of emergency.—Slight rain has fallen in Mysore, but the crops are still in great danger.—The Viceroy leaves Simla for Calcutta on November 1st, visiting Delhi, Agra, and Benares on his way.

**UNITED STATES.**—President Garfield is in a very critical condition, and great anxiety prevails. The President had been going on well until Monday evening, when he suddenly changed for the worse, the nausea returned, and great weakness and restlessness ensued. The wound itself is almost healed, but the President is so prostrate from his long illness that the stomach refuses to retain nourishment, and he has been unable to take sufficient food to regain his strength. On Wednesday night he was slightly better, and could swallow a little cold infusion of beef and muriatic acid. The physicians, however, refused to give any opinion on his chances of recovery. On the bad news becoming known, the members of the Cabinet immediately returned to Washington, where crowds surrounded the White House. No less excitement was felt in New York, and indeed throughout the States, the stock markets going down at once. Meanwhile his assassin, Guiteau, has had a skirmish with his keeper over the knife given him to eat with. Ultimately he again pretended to be insane. The Queen has telegraphed her regret at the President's relapse.

The American harvest is unfavourable, being decidedly below the average.—There has been a fatal landslip in Virginia, seven negroes being killed; and H.M.S. *Druid* has been slightly injured by striking on an unknown ledge of rocks in Fortune Bay, where she was cruising in protection of the fisheries.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The cry of annexation has been again raised in AUSTRIA, the *Pesther Lloyd* warmly advocating the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, where the temporary administration appears highly unsatisfactory. Much interest has been felt in the conflict in the British Parliament over the Irish Land Bill, and great admiration is expressed for Mr. Gladstone's conduct. The Czech theatre at Prague has been burnt down without loss of life.—EGYPT is again sorely troubled by the imperious and insubordinate attitude of the army, to whom the Khedive appears completely subservient. Owing to differences of opinion respecting the treatment of this disaffection, the Minister of War has been replaced by Daoud Pasha, who in his turn is already losing favour with the Viceroy. The condition of the Nile is most favourable.—The Marquis of Lorne's tour in CANADA continues highly successful, the settlers greeting him warmly, and appearing highly prosperous and satisfied. He reached Rapid City, 160 miles beyond Winnipeg, on the 10th inst.—Colonists in the TRANSVAAL already find the evils of the change of rule, for Dutch has been pronounced the official language, and must be used in all law-courts, much to the disadvantage of the British residents and natives. The elections for the new Volksraad are fixed for September 15.—In SOUTH AMERICA Bolivia has decided to continue the war against Chili.

**PRINCE BISMARCK'S FIRST LOVE** is now living in a quiet Hungarian village—at least so says the Paris *Figaro*. Nearly forty years ago the future Chancellor, then a student, lodged in her parents' house at the University town of Greifswald, in Pomerania, and fell in love with the fair Josephine, who fully returned his affection. The parents disapproved of the match, however, and the disconsolate maiden soon after went to America, where she married a rich petroleum merchant.



The Royal party in the Isle of Wight will shortly be dispersed, as the Queen and Princess Beatrice go to Scotland next Tuesday, while the Princess Louise and the Duke of Edinburgh have already left Osborne. Her Majesty at the end of last week gave audience to several new and retiring members of the Foreign Diplomatic Body, as well as to various British representatives at Foreign Courts, and also received Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. On Saturday Princess Beatrice accompanied Princess Louise to Portsmouth in the *Alberta*, subsequently returning to Osborne, while Her Majesty and the Princess spent the afternoon on the sea-shore, watching the regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne House by the Rev. Teignmouth Shore before the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Edinburgh, with her two eldest children. In the evening the Rev. T. Shore and Captain and Mrs. Edwards dined with the Queen. Prince Henry of Prussia took leave of Her Majesty on Monday before leaving for Germany, and the Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Countess Dornberg lunched with the Queen. In the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess witnessed a race between the gigs of the *Osborne* and the *Victoria and Albert*, manned by their officers, for which the Queen had promised a silver cup. The boat of the Queen's yacht was successful, and Her Majesty afterwards presented the prize to the crew. Next day the Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince William of Württemberg lunched with the Queen, and on Wednesday Her Majesty presented distinguished service medals to several non-commissioned officers and men. The recipients and a detachment from the Berkshire Regiment assembled before Osborne, and received the Queen with a Royal salute, while, after Her Majesty had pinned on the medals, the troops marched past. Lieutenant Lynn, who was engaged in the battle of Maiwand, was also presented.

To-day (Saturday) the Queen will present new colours to the Second Battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, the ceremony having been deferred owing to the colours not being ready. On leaving Osborne next week Her Majesty will probably be accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh, as well as Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh and Cambridge joining the party at Edinburgh. The Queen will stay at Holyrood until Friday, visiting the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, and holding the Volunteer Review on Thursday, when Her Majesty will drive round and inspect the divisions before taking up her position to witness the march past.

The Prince and Princess of Wales took a special interest in the regatta on Saturday of the Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club, of which the Prince has lately become a member. The Princess and her children watched from the *Osborne*, and the chief feature of the regatta was the race for Una-boats, in which the Prince steered his own vessel, *Belle Lucretta*, and came in third, though owing to some dispute respecting the rig of one of the competing craft he will probably take second prize. During this race the Princess and her daughters accompanied the competitors round the course in a steam launch. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess were present at the Portsmouth Dockyard Regatta.—They have also inspected the Roman villa lately excavated at Brading.—During his visit to Liverpool the Prince will witness a march past of the local volunteers; while, at the opening of the new docks, he will lead the way in his yacht the *Osborne*. Subsequently the Prince will have a few days' shooting with the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.—Princes Albert Victor and George have sent home a Cape cart as a present to the Princess of Wales, having, when at the Cape, taken a great fancy to this style of conveyance. The present vehicle has been specially built, and is coming over in the *German*.

The Duke of Edinburgh has gone North in the *Lively* on a visit of coastguard inspection. After visiting Orford he reached Hull on Saturday, and left again on Monday for Scarborough, arriving in the Tyne on Wednesday. Next Tuesday the Duke will inspect the *Cumberland* training-ship before distributing the prizes to the boys, and will afterwards be present at a *dinner* given by Mr. J. Burn, Chairman of the Cunard Company, on board the new vessel *Savannah*, now lying at the entrance of the Gareloch.—Prince Leopold will preside at the 217th Anniversary Festival of the Scottish Corporation on St. Andrew's Day.—Prince Henry, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, who belongs to the German Navy, inspected Portsmouth Dockyard last week.—Princess Louise left London for the Continent on Wednesday.

The King and Queen of Denmark will shortly visit their daughter, the Czarina, at St. Petersburg.—The Empress of Germany continues very weak and much depressed; but Her Majesty hopes to be able to attend the wedding of her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Baden, with the Crown Prince of Sweden, at Carlsruhe, on the 20th of September. The Empress has been able to take short walks in the Palace garden at Coblenz, but spends most of her time lying by one of the windows in the Great Hall, from whence she can overlook the Rhine and the gardens. Her malady is by no means recent, the symptoms having first appeared in 1863.



**RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.**—The Rev. Paxton Hood, the well-known Congregationalist minister, has been "driven forth," as he says, by the tyranny of his deacons, and has gone to America. Speaking at a farewell gathering, at which he was presented with a purse of 200*£*, he said that the Church of England was the shrine and home of spiritual and ecclesiastical freedom. None of the sects were free, most Dissenting ministers being too dependent upon their deacons for them to dare to be independent. From whence came our best books—books which stirred, which taught—the books of criticism and exegesis—the books of the scholar, the poet, and the novelist? Did they come from the Dissenting community at all; especially did they come from theirs? Did they not come from the Church of England? And where could a man stand so well as in a Church of England pulpit and say that which he dared to think and feel, without the necessity of being challenged, as soon as he got into the vestry, by some arrogant and ignorant deacon?

**THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE REV. S. F. GREEN.**—The President of the English Church Union has issued a circular calling upon all its friends to organise an agitation for the release of Mr. Green; and the Church of England Working Men's Society is preparing a petition on the subject for presentation to the Queen. The title of Lord Beauchamp's Bill, introduced for the same object, has been amended to "A Bill for the Discharge of Contumacious Prisoners." Dr. Pusey has written another characteristic letter on the subject to the Hon. C. L. Wood, boasting that the "persecutors" have not dared to accept his challenge to proceed against him for using mingled wine and water in the Sacrament. According to the *Echo*, the preacher at a fashionable Ritualistic church at Brighton last Sunday referred to the continued imprisonment of Mr. Green.

and the release of Mr. Dillon, M.P., and drew a parallel between their case and that of Jesus and Barabbas.

**THE IRISH CHURCH ACT AND THE LAND BILL** are severely commented upon by the Bishop of Derry in his recent Charge. He calls Ireland "a land of ruins that have no history and no beauty—the ignoble trophies of statesmen who legislate in passion or in panic. The ruined glebe house and the alienated Church lands may soon have in their neighbourhood ruined mansions, and broad acres parcelled out in small lots between impoverished peasants. English statesmen atone for the intolerance of English Parliaments in the last century by plundering the Irish Church in the present; and redeem the selfishness of English tradesmen and manufacturers in the reign of King William III. by a vicarious flagellation inflicted upon the Irish landlords in the reign of Queen Victoria. We may have other 'messages of peace' sent over to us with their carriage unpaid; profitable to the senders and the belligerents, tremendously costly to those 'who are quiet in the land,' and to them only."

**THE CHAPLAINCY OF SOUTHWARK.**—A "Munificent Churchman" has made an offer to the Bishop of Rochester to give 5,000/- towards the purchase of the perpetual presentation to the Chaplaincy of Southwark, and thus transfer it from the parishioners, in whom it is now vested, to the Bishop of the Diocese. The proposition was made known at a recent meeting of the parishioners, but was not received with much favour, the consideration of it being ultimately deferred until next meeting. Meanwhile the whole parish is to be polled on the question whether a penny church rate shall be imposed, the opponents of it contending that the money required should be taken from a funded balance in connection with the Marden Farm Charity.

A DEFENCE OF METHODISM was made by Dr. Osborn, President of the Wesleyan Conference, the other day at Devonport, where, speaking at a luncheon given in his honour, he complained of the charges laid against Methodists that they indulged in jargon, that they were not friendly to culture, that they were behind the age, and that the increasing wealth of the people would prove the destruction of the Methodist Connexion. He replied *seriatim*, contending that the language used by the ministry was educational English, and that they were not opposed to culture; that whilst difficulties arose in the Church respecting vestments, Methodism enjoyed perfect liberty of dress; that Methodism was in advance of the age, and that its creed was more complete than that of most other sects; and finally, that sanctified riches in the Connexion would do what sanctified poverty could never do.



**COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—At the concert on Wednesday night the first part of the programme was again almost exclusively absorbed by music of a certain character, to which by apparently common agreement the term "classical" is applied. Probably half the large audience were attracted to this, just as the other moiety were attracted to the miscellaneous selection, the Floral Hall (and its new privileges) enabling them to escape the infliction of a symphony. Nevertheless, the symphony chosen for the occasion was as spontaneous and enlivening as anything that came after, being no other than Beethoven's "No. 1" (in C major), which it is the cant of the "advanced school" to "pooh-pooh," but which Mendelssohn, who (poor fellow!) had no sympathy with that school, told Johann Christian Lobe (as related in the "Conversations"), pleased him from time to time just as much as any other of the "nine," including the "No. 2" (in D), that other symphony underrated by what Schumann would call the "Philistines," who could not for the life of them have written a page of either. The symphony was very effectively given under the direction of Mr. Gwyllim Crowe, listened to with interest from beginning to end, and each of its four movements applauded. The romantic overture to *Oberon*, to name which is to praise, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's (really) "Graceful Dance," from his incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, an entr'acte from Schubert's *Rosamunde* ("beautiful exceedingly"), and Rossini's bright and tuneful overture to *Semiramide*, were the other orchestral pieces. The pianist on this occasion was Miss Bessie Richards, whose delicate touch and pure musical feeling were displayed to much advantage in the expressive *andante* from Mendelssohn's First Concerto, to the *finale* of which she imparted congenial spirit, winning a "recall" at the end of her performance. A "romance," so called, by Mendelssohn, actually a *Lied ohne Worte*, composed for the once famous violoncellist, Mdlle. Christiani, perfectly rendered by Mr. Edward Howell, was the other instrumental solo. The singers were Mdlle. Elly Warnots, Miss Mary Cummings, and Mr. A. Oswald, who gave examples respectively from Lotti, Handel, and Meyerbeer, in each case to the manifest satisfaction of their hearers. The second part, in which the band of the Coldstreams took part, was of the usual miscellaneous character.

**KING KALAKAUA'S MILITARY BAND.**—According to the *Neuher* *Zagblatt* King Kalakaua has a band of his own, trained and organised for his predecessor, King Lunalilo, by a German musician named Berger, formerly oboe in the 2nd Regiment of Prussian Foot-Guards. Berger first taught them the horn and drum, on which they soon managed to execute, more or less creditably, brief military signals and flourishes; he then initiated them into the mysteries of notation, through which they gradually acquired the practice of reading music, in which they achieved considerable efficiency. Other instruments were then, at the Royal instigation, supplied to them from a Berlin manufacturer, and upon these some of the band, who in the opinion of the colonists exhibited unmistakeable signs of musical aptitude, learned in process of time to play the national tunes of different countries. During the reign of Lunalilo the band was but scantly equipped, and, except at certain solemnities, had to appear in Court with uncovered feet. The present monarch, however, paid increasing attention to his Honolulu musicians, not only adding to their number, but to their articles of costume, providing them, among other requirements of modern civilisation, with boots for all occasions, festive and ordinary. When Prince Heinrich, in the course of his tour round the world, landed at the Hawaiian capital, he was surprised at being greeted with the familiar strains of "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" and "Ich bin ein Preuss," by a company of semi-swarty instrumentalists; nor did he recover from his astonishment until his own countryman, bandmaster Berger, was presented to him. This Berger, it appears, is very popular with the Court and the European residents in the capital, where, we believe, he intends passing the remainder of his days—the position of a bandmaster at Honolulu being higher in the social scale than that of a simple oboe-player in any European city, or at least more acceptable to one who thinks himself born to direct rather than to be directed. Such is evidently Herr Berger, who, not many years ago, travelled to Berlin to see his mother, but after a very short stay returned to his newly-adopted home.

**WAIFS.**—M. Jules Cohen, composer of *Estella*, produced last year for Madame Patti at Mr. Gye's theatre, is again employed to engage the singers and control the management of the operatic performances at Monte Carlo. Negotiations are already entered into with Mesdames Nilsson and Albani, Mdlle. Marie Vanzant, MM. Faure, Maurel, and Maurice Devries (from the Hague).—Madame

Christine Nilsson has decided upon not going to the United States this year. She is now drinking the waters at Mont Doré, and, expressively invited by the King of Sweden, will take part in the festivities at Stockholm, preparing in honour of the Crown Prince. His Majesty, by the way, has just finished a play entitled *The Castle of Kronberg*.—M. Sardou's *Patrie*, translated into living Greek, is being performed with great success in Athens.—The municipality of Verona decline to vote the usual subsidy for the Teatro Filarmónico. And this is the city of "Romeo and Juliet," to say nothing of the "Two Gentlemen."—Wagner's *Lohengrin* (it is reported) will be produced in Florence during the season of the Carnival.—At Buenos Ayres a new theatre is being erected. It is to be called "The National Theatre," and—*propter pudor*—to be devoted exclusively to the performance of Italian opera.—Dr. Eduard Hanslick, the renowned critic of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, has been decorated with the Order of Léopold.—The theatre at Cadiz has been burnt to the ground. How many more of such casualties are we to expect?—It is now decided that the *Francesca di Rimini* of Ambroise Thomas shall be produced at the Grand Opera House next winter, with Mdlle. Caroline Salla as the heroine, and M. Lassalle in the other leading part.—The post of Musical Director at the Conservatory of Moscow, left vacant by the death of Nicolas Rubinstein, has been definitely accepted by Mr. Pradeau, the pianist, son of Pradeau, the comic actor.—At Leeds Dr. W. Spark begins this evening a new series of "Organ Recitals," which the programmes always selected with judgment, and drawn from the most legitimate sources, afford entertainment and instruction in equal measures. For this high credit is due to the Borough organist, as also, it may be added, to the appreciative crowds that rarely fail to attend. The organ, erected by the firm of Gray and Davison, for the opening of the splendid Town Hall in 1858, when the Festival was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, is a fine one, and a credit to the town.—*Semiramide* and *I Puritani* are the operas specially to be revived during the forthcoming season at the Scala, which will most probably open with one of them. Startling novelties certainly for the Milanese, who, it seems, however, will hear no more of *Mefistofele* at any price, entirely put their faces against Wagner and Co., and decline to make acquaintance with Herr Rubinstein and *Il Demonio*.—For next season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie (Brussels), Boito's *Mefistofele*, Massenet's *Héroïde*, the *Élémire Marcel* of Saint-Saëns, Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle*, and last not least, Mozart's *Il Seraglio* are said to be in preparation. In addition to these, a new opera, *Tizianello*, by M. Raoul Pugno, is accepted.—M. Lassalle will make his reappearance at the Grand Opéra in Paris on the 1st of next month.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan is at Homburg.—Miss Emma Thursby has given a series of concerts at Copenhagen, with the well-known Viennese pianist, Robert Fischof, under the direction of the experienced impresario M. Maurice Strakosch. They have been highly successful, and largely patronised by the King and Court.—Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Meistersinger* are each to be given twice in the course of the ensuing month at the Royal Theatre, Munich.—The French Government has raised the "subvention" ordinarily granted to the theatre at Saigon, in Cochinchina, from 20,000 to 40,000 francs.—The Stadtheater, in Hamburg, is to have next season a new drop scene, representing in detail the history of the Hamburg stage, from designs by Hans Speckter, a local artist.—Johann Strauss, on the 11th inst., celebrated at Schönau, near Vienna, the fiftieth anniversary of his first waltz, written at the age of six, early in August, 1831. Since then he has composed nearly 400 pieces of dance music, and within the last ten years no fewer than seven "buffo" operas, the last of which is *Prinz Methusalem*.—The season at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna has opened with Beethoven's *Fidelio*.—Miss Minnie Hauk is to sing at a concert in Homburg, on the 23rd inst. Madame Carlotta Patti (sister of Adelina) is on a professional visit to the same place, where Mdlle. Mila Rodani, so agreeably remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre, is also one of the temporary "stars."—Mr. Carl Rosa has resolved to give Balfe's opera, *Pittore e Duca*, an English version of which has been written by Mr. W. A. Barrett. The Rosa Company is now performing with great success in Dublin.—The Promenade Concerts at Hengler's Cirque came to a premature end on Friday, the 12th inst.



**THE TURF.**—This has been another bye week, at least it is considered so among the "upper ten" of the Turf, though there has been excellent racing at Egham in the south, and Stockton in the north. There are, however, but few special incidents which call for remark. At Egham the meeting of Bruce and his stable companion, the Red Rag Filly, was an event of great interest; and after her recent successes, her defeat in the King John Stakes on Tuesday goes far to confirm the opinion that Bruce is the best two-year-old colt we have yet seen out, and entitled to be called the favourite for the next Derby. Stockton Meeting will be remembered for some time for the remarkable successes of F. Archer in the saddle. On the first day he rode three times, and won on each occasion, and on the second day he scored four times. It may be noted also that on the first day the first favourite won every event except one; but we do not note this as an encouragement to backers, who in the long run must succumb to the bookmakers.—York Meeting next week is sure to be well attended; and the old fashioned Ebor Handicap seems this year to command unusual attention. Brown Bess, after some slight depression, seems to have firmly established herself as first favourite, as indeed she is entitled to be after her successes in the Great Metropolitan and the Goodwood Stakes, for which she certainly has not been overweighted. Mother Shipton and Dominic are next in demand, the recent running of the latter strongly suggesting that he must have a good look-in here.

**CRICKET.**—There has been plenty of interesting and even exciting cricket lately, the only drawback being that several important matches have had to be drawn. The Gentlemen v. Players' match at Brighton, for the benefit of James Lillywhite, to which we alluded last week as very notable, from the fact that each side in the first innings scored 204, became even more so from the closeness of the finish. The Players in their second attempt only put together 112, but the Gentlemen failed to reach this figure by just one run, Mr. Appleby being caught (and bowled) by Shaw when the score stood at 111. The Surrey v. Yorkshire match at the Oval at the close of last week was a remarkable one. Surrey scored in the first innings 224—a large total, considering the poor show the Home county has made this season and the strength of the Northerners. To this the reply was 256. Surrey then scored but 66, and Yorkshire won by nine wickets. Up to about four o'clock on the Saturday it seemed certain that the game would end in a draw, but Emmett's bowling and the general fielding of Yorkshire brought about a change which those who witnessed it will never forget, Emmett "having a hand" in taking eight good wickets in 18 overs, at a cost of only 22 runs.—At Clifton, Gloucestershire and Middlesex had to leave matters drawn, the rain here as elsewhere interfering with the game. The Middlesex innings was 243, and a curious innings it was, as the total was only 152 when

the eighth wicket fell, though 130 was on the board at the fall of the fourth, and it looked as if the second "century" would not be completed. The two last wickets, however, added 91 to the score. Gloucestershire made 197 with the loss of 7 wickets, so it was "anybody's game." Mr. W. G. Grace made 80, and was not out. The fielding at point of Mr. Pearson for Middlesex was a feature of the game.—The Notts Eleven may take some credit for having got Lancashire down in the first innings for 132, but they could only make 97 themselves. In the second innings Lancashire had made 154 with the loss of only half their wickets, and then the game was drawn, decidedly in their favour. It may be noted that Mr. Hornby only scored 3 and 7, and in only one previous match for his county this season has he failed to make double figures in an innings.—Northamptonshire has managed to make a good fight against an M.C.C. Eleven (with Barnes and Flowers as bowlers) at Lord's, and gives promise of still better things.—A "cricket curiosity" is reported in the shape of a match between Basford Institute and West Hallam (Derbyshire), in which the former was on credit with one run in the first innings, but whether as a bye, a wide, a no-ball, or the result of a hit is not stated.

**ATHLETICS.**—At Birmingham, last week, Mr. George, in a 1,000 yards' race, beat the best recorded time of Mr. Myers, our recent American visitor, doing the distance in 2 min. 18 sec. We will hope now that before long these famous runners will be brought together.

**AQUATICS.**—On Monday the annual race for the Layton Pairs (London Rowing Club) took place from Putney to Hammersmith, when J. Payne and A. J. Hurrell beat two other pairs.—The race on the Danube at Vienna between a picked four of Viennese and the Cornell University representatives has been anticipated both here and abroad with considerable interest. The course was about three miles, and during the first mile the Americans, by dint of great exertion, got a good lead. But suddenly their stroke was seen to give way, and it was all over, the Germans winning as they liked. Some reports state that the American stroke fainted.

**SWIMMING.**—The amateurs have held their annual gathering at Elstree Reservoir, and once more the Mile Championship has been decided, being won for the third time in succession by J. P. Taylor, of the Newcastle Swimming Club.

**SHOOTING.**—Reports from almost all quarters speak most favourable of the opening of the grouse shooting on the 12th. There is little sign of disease anywhere, and the comparative cheapness of birds in London and the provinces is sufficient evidence that they are plentiful. Can nothing be done to stop the illegal destruction of thousands of birds before the 12th to stock the poulterers' shops?

**HUNTING.**—Stag hunting in North Devon and Somerset commenced on the 9th inst., the meet being, in accordance with the custom of many years, at Cloutsham. There is much satisfaction felt at Lord Ebrington having succeeded Mr. Bissett as Master, through the resignation of the latter.

**COACHING.**—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has just completed a four-month drive of about 1,000 miles, which he commenced with some friends, as guests, at Brighton, and terminated at Inverness.



**FORGED OFFICIAL STAMPS.**—Thomas Colclough, the late stamp-distributor for the Dublin Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, has been convicted of forging stamps such as are affixed to legal papers, and has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Mr. Justice Barry remarking that, as he had an income of 400/- or 500/- per annum, he could not even plead distress or temptation as palliating circumstances. The fraud had been going on for some time, and it is stated that it will be necessary to pass a Bill through Parliament, dealing with the innumerable legal documents which are invalidated by reason of their bearing these forged stamps.

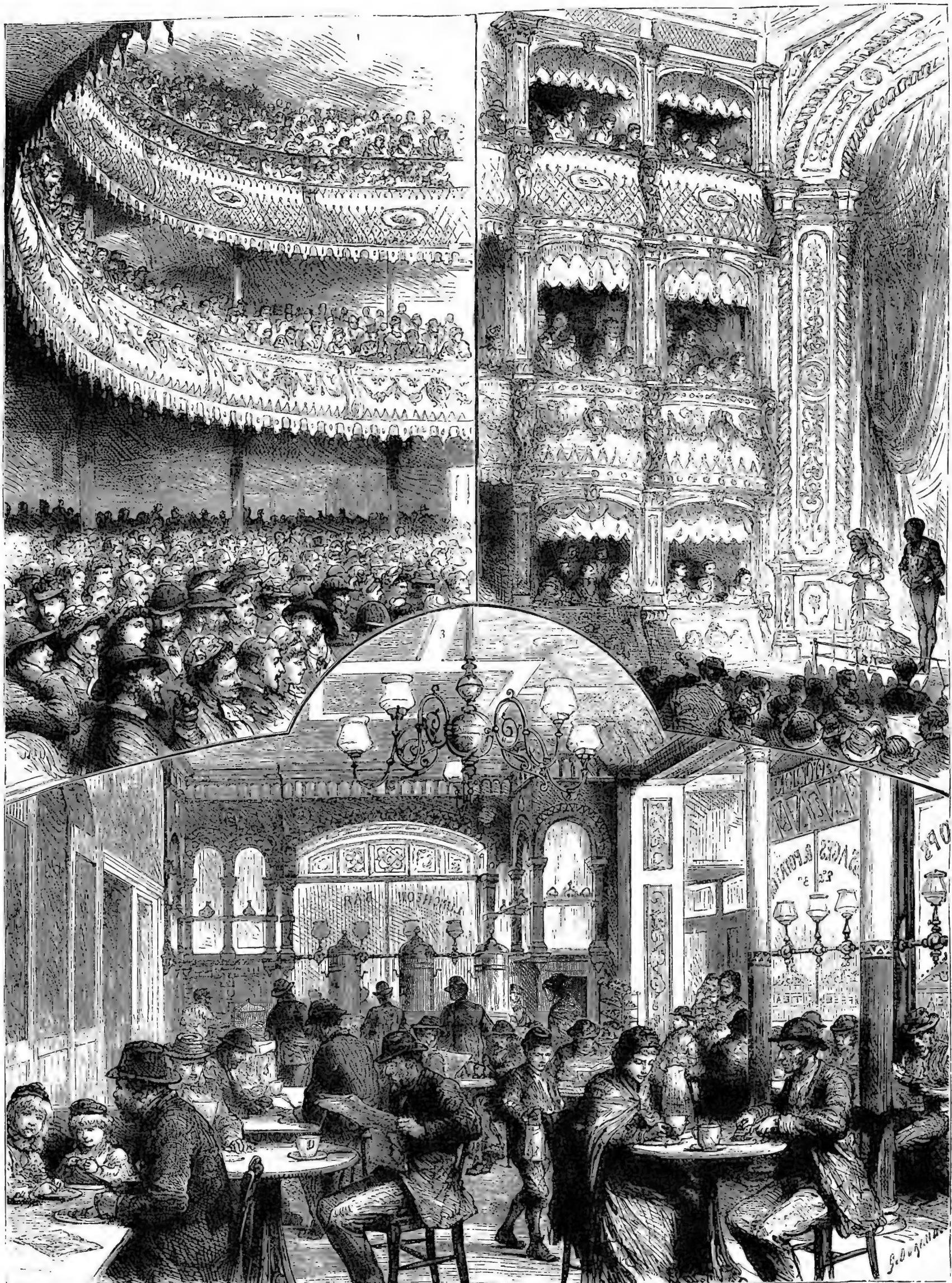
**SIR WALTER NUGENT, B.A.T.**, was tried at Dublin, on Saturday, on the charge of forging the name of a Mr. Caddell to a bill of exchange. The defence was that the forgery had been committed by Lady Nugent; and in the result the jury, being unable to agree, were discharged without a verdict, the case being remitted to the next Commission, and Sir Walter being admitted to bail.

**MISS MABEL WILBERFORCE** has been committed for trial on the charge of perjury. On the day of her committal she thanked the magistrate for his impartiality, repeated that her statements were correct, and that she was the victim of conspiracy and oppression, and declared her intention of "making a gallant defence, to stand her ground, and fight out the case like a woman and not like a man." She asked to be admitted to bail, and to this Mr. D'Eyncourt consented, fixing the amount at 400/. To this the prisoner responded, "Thank you, sir. I shall not run away. I am a Wilberforce, and can get bail for 4,000/-, if necessary," despite which statement she was taken away to the House of Detention.

**A SINGULAR ACTION** was tried last week at the Portsmouth County Court, in which a lad named Lang, suing by his father, sought to recover 50/- damages from Commander W. H. Hall, of H.M. Training Ship *Vincent*, for an assault. The boy's statement was that he had been arrested as a deserter from that vessel, and in spite of his denial had been flogged with a birch rod by order of the defendant. For the defence it was shown that he had been mistaken for a lad named Knight, who had actually deserted from the *Vincent*, and that he had never denied his identity, nor mentioned his real name. The result was that the charge against Commander Hall was withdrawn, and the judge made an order that the boy should be prosecuted for perjury.

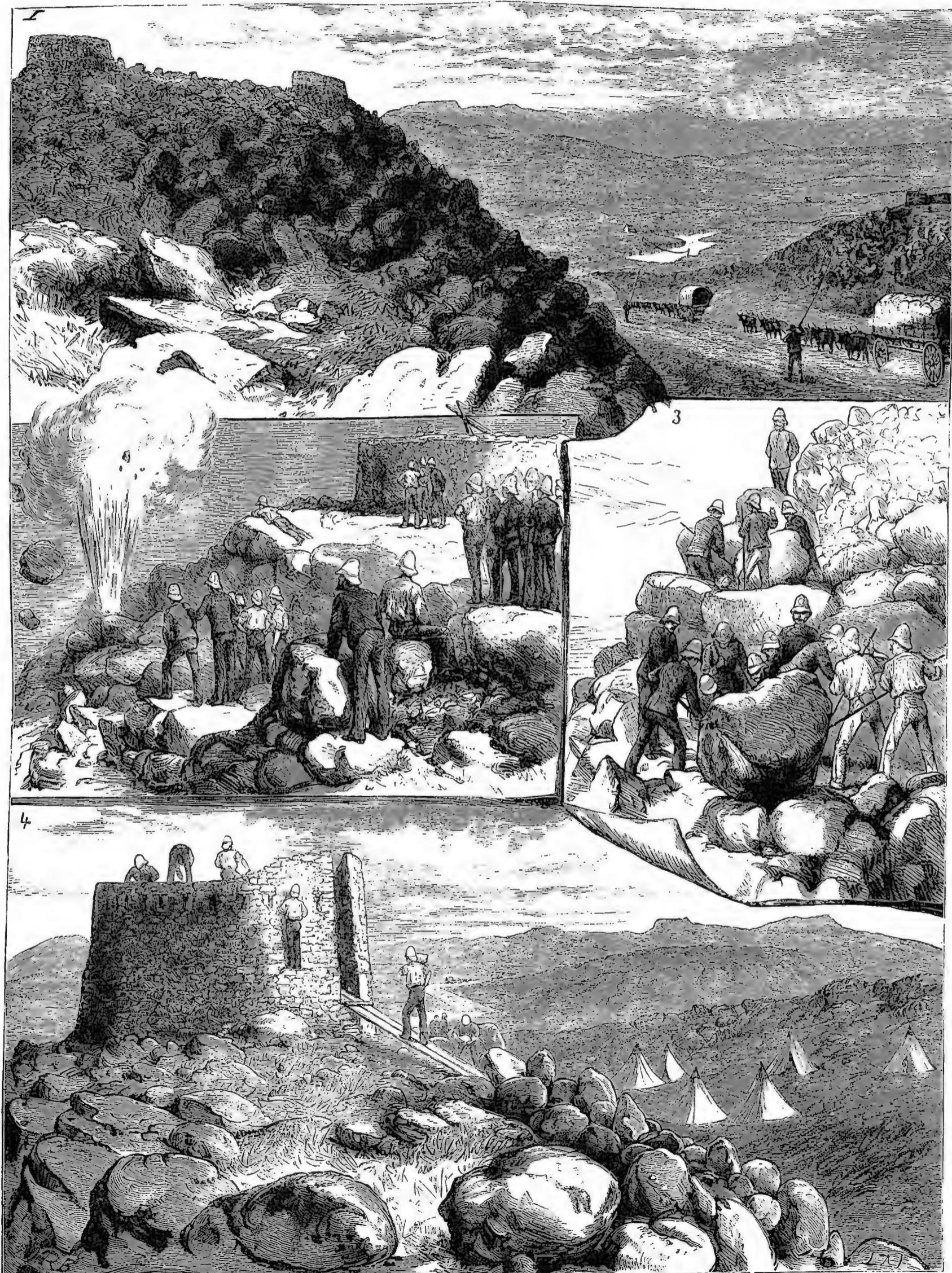
**A RELUCTANT MODEL.**—The other day at Preston, a man, who had been arrested on the charge of pocket-picking, and who was supposed to be a practised hand at the craft, was taken to the gaol yard to be photographed, so that prints might be forwarded to other towns for identification. He, however, refused to look at the camera, and struggled violently for an hour; he then promised to be quiet, but was no sooner loosed than he suddenly jumped up and dashed his head against the camera, hopelessly damaging it. Our readers will remember that an engraving of a somewhat similar incident, from a drawing by Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., was published in *The Graphic* of November 18th, 1873.

**WHAT IS MURDER?** is a question which we asked last week in reference to the recent Notting Hill incendiary fire; and now we have to report a decision which shows still more clearly that some more accurate legal definition than we possess is highly desirable. At the Swansea Assizes a militiaman, named Walters, was indicted for the murder of a young girl who had died from injuries received at his hands, he having knocked her down because she declined to go for a walk with him. The jury, however, found him guilty of manslaughter only, and, the Adjutant of his regiment having given him "an excellent character," he was sentenced by Mr. Justice Baggallay to twelve months' imprisonment; about the same amount of punishment as is often awarded to a pickpocket or an area sneak for some petty theft.

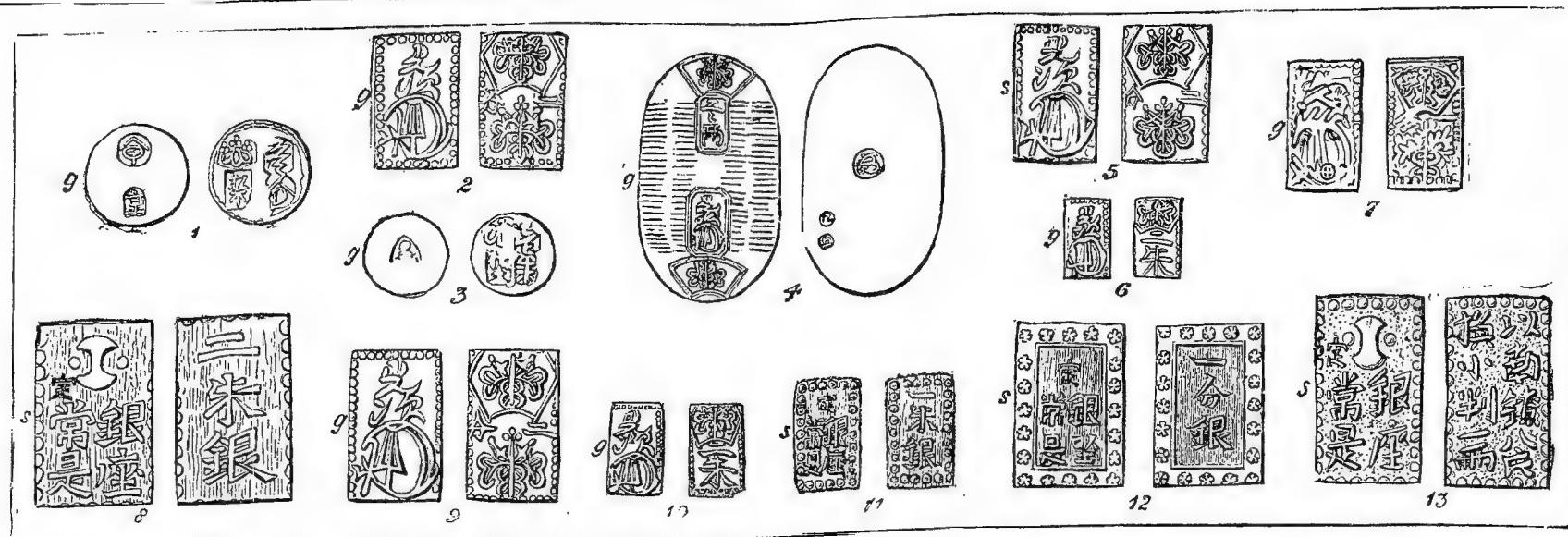


1. Pit and Galleries : An Appreciative Audience.—2. Stalls and Boxes : Burnt-Cork Minstrelsy.—3. The Café : "The Cup which Cheers but not Inebriates."

THE ROYAL VICTORIA COFFEE PALACE AND MUSIC HALL



1. The Three New Forts Commanding Road from Newcastle to the Ingagane River.—2. Blowing Away an Obstinate Rock.—3. Rolling from the Hill-side Large Boulders which Might Afford the Enemy Shelter.—4. "Finishing Touches :" Fort Commanding the Newcastle Road.



1. Koshu Kiu (Gold), Old Coin.—2. Nibu (Gilt).—3. Koshu Kiu (Gold), Half of No. 1.—4. Ichirio (Ansei Kolang).—5. Nibu (Gold), Coined by Michitsugu.—6. Nishu Ansei (New).—7. Ichibū (Gold).—8. Nishu (New Silver) Ansei, 100 Years Ago.—9. Nibu (Gilt).—10. Nishu (before Ansei).—11. Ishie Ansei (Silver).—12. Ichibugin (Silver).—13. Nanris (Old Silver) issued in Early Date of Tokugawa Government, about 200 Years Ago.

## JAPANESE COINS

## JAPANESE COINS

OUR engraving of Japanese coins represents a few of those current in Japan from a period of 200 years ago up to the present time. They are now, however, being superseded by modern coins somewhat similar to gold and silver dollar and cent pieces, which are made at the Royal Mint at Osaka, an institution second to none of a like nature in any other country. In the olden times the Daimios, or princes, used to issue from their private Mint in their own districts whatever coins they chose. Since the abolition of this class and all its privileges, which has wrought an undoubted improvement in the administration of the affairs of the country, the Government has monopolised the right of coining. Coins of any sort, however, are becoming rare in Japan. The late surveys and inquiries into the condition of the country show that there is a great dearth in the precious metals, and that there is insufficient, in fact, to provide enough coinage for the use of the commercial community. Consequently our trade with that country suffers in proportion to this scarcity, as the Government rely upon their issue of paper currency, which is only taken by the natives at a heavy discount (as much as 75 per cent.), and is invariably refused by the foreign trader. Thus the native purchaser is compelled to buy the coin necessary to pay for the goods by selling the native currency at considerable loss.

It will thus be seen how heavily taxed British and other imports are. In fact it is generally assumed by those most experienced in the trade that this issue of paper currency is a successful method of collecting on imports a protective duty of about 75 per cent. (varying according to the rate of exchange), whilst by treaty right there should be only a fixed duty on a basis of 5 per cent. This and other reasons may be the cause of the gradual extinction of the coins we illustrate, and which become interesting in proportion to the impossibility of any of the originals being again secured.

## PHRASE BOOKS

THE man who ventures into a country with the language of which he is totally unacquainted does wisely to obtain the services of a travelling companion possessing the knowledge which he himself lacks; for, in default of such assistance, he must rely on a phrase-book; and many people have discovered by sad experience, not only never contains the exact sentences which you wish to utter, but leaves you wofully in the lurch with regard to the not unimportant matter of pronunciation. An instructed companion, on the other hand, can both translate all your ideas as they arise, and give utterance to the results in a manner comprehensible to the persons addressed. But a companion is an expensive luxury; and it may easily happen that you have to depend solely upon a phrase-book for your daily converse with the natives of whatever country you may chance to travel in.

Under such circumstances you will deserve a considerable amount of sympathy and commiseration; for at every step you will inevitably find yourself deep in the slough of difficulties, and you will probably pass a large proportion of every day in anathematising the luckless individual who manufactured the inefficient and misleading volume with which you are armed. You will speedily discover that your author never foresaw the likelihood of your having to do with reasonable men and women; and that, instead of giving you a selection of really useful sentences, he has filled his book with matter the greater part of which is of no use to you whatever. But phrase-books are better than they were, say, a hundred years ago. The more modern ones even attempt to give you some idea of how to pronounce foreign words and sentences; and at the present time, provided that your wants be limited, you can at least manage to ask for food and lodging by the aid merely of the selections of phrases which are contained in such works as Murray's or Baedeker's Guide Books. In the last century, however, the case was different. Before us lies a small volume entitled "Familiar Phrases and Dialogues, French and English," which was published in 1745, and which, besides its Sphinx-like silence upon the important question of pronunciation, labours under the disadvantage of being persistently misleading, inaccurate, and inefficient throughout. In one place, for instance, the sentence, "My pupil works diligently," is translated so as to lead the French reader to suppose that "The pupil of my eye does its work properly;" and in another "a little ham" and a "little lamb" have become hopelessly mixed, owing, doubtless, to the author's lack of ability to sound the aspirate. Further on, compliments and coarsenesses of expression amusingly jostle one another. "I am your most humble and obliged servant," remarks one person. "You are very kind and civil," replies his friend; "may I have the honour of offering you something to eat?" "I thank you," answers the first, "but upon the packet-boat I have been so ill that I have no stomach." "Then let me give you a brimmer of this Burgundy or a bumper of this champagne!" "Do not pester me with your attentions," returns the angry traveller. "When I am sick," persists the other, "I drink like a fish (*comme un Templier*)."  
But the sufferer does not, apparently, care to try even "the soft silky wine of Nuis" which is next pressed upon him. Subsequently, however, he recovers, and remarks at dinner, "If you do not take away that boiled sow, those ragoûts, and those fricandeaux, I shall devour them all," whereupon some one exclaims, "You are a greedy-gut," or, more politely in French, "*un gourmand*."

A dialogue in the dressing-room is amusing, as well as interesting as a reminiscence of old times. "So ho! So ho! rascal," begins the

master to his valet; "I am hoarse a bawling to you, and you lie snoring. Are you not ashamed, you sleepy varlet, to lie abed till this time of day? You scratch and stretch, and yawn for a whole hour. Get up! Make the fire burn; clean my shoes and slippers; brush my stockings well, first within and then without; give me a clean shirt and air it well. Do you hear?" "It shall be done, sir," replies the man. "Make haste, you scoundrel, and don't chatter there!" continues the master. "Sir, begging your pardon, I cannot do two things at once," pleads the persecuted servant. "You villain, do you dare to speak?" exclaims the enraged gentleman; whereupon the valet not unnaturally says to himself: "Ah me! what an imperious master have I gotten." And then follows a page or two of stormy converse about stockings, garters, shoe-buckles, bag-wigs, tie-wigs, essences, swords, and ruffles, none of which can be found—a condition of things which induces the master to observe that his servant is "a worthless scoundrel, fit only for the gallows."

The dialogue intended for use between a lady and her maid is slightly less boisterous; but nevertheless the dame, having first requested to be laced very tightly, abuses the girl when she feels that she is being suffocated. Later in the day we find her presiding at tea. "Bring the tea-board," she says. "I have some delicious green tea, and a fine set of china, which is a present from a captain in the East India Company, who got it made for me in China, with my arms upon it." "I never smelt better in my life," returns a guest, though whether he alludes to the green tea or the china is perfectly incomprehensible from the context. These good people appear to have dined at twelve o'clock, and at dinner the phrase-book supplied them with such useful sentences as "You drink too heavily!" "You devour your meat like an animal!" "Do not lick your fingers!" "Do not put your fingers into your mouth!" Upon another occasion some one asks, "What books do you read to learn French?" "The New Testament," The Common Prayer Book, "Aesop's Fables," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and "Molière's Plays," replies the aspiring Englishman, and the interrogator thereupon remarks: "You should read 'Telemachus,' it is the best book that was ever composed in our language. Mr. de Cambry is the French Milton." Then comes another conversation between master and maid. The latter touchingly says: "Sir, you have taken care of yourself, but there is not a bit of bread for me to put into my mouth." "Out! you villain," replies the gentleman; "if you have nothing to eat you have something to hunger after." "But fasting won't satisfy," very justly remarks the valet. "There is bread," says the other, loyally. "Yes; but it is as black as my hat," pleads the ill-used servant, "and as coarse as bran itself." "You dainty-chopped fellow," retorts the master; "you ought to be fed with hay if you had such commons as you deserve. I suppose an ass like you is to be fattened with tarts and cakes! If you can't eat dry bread, sauce it with a leek, or with an onion if you like that better."

Such, in the last century, were the phrases which, it was supposed, the travelling Englishman would desire to make use of in his communications with Frenchmen. We can scarcely believe that they were much needed; but, after all, they are but little less absurd than many of the sentences which may be found in phrase-books of far more modern date. For a really good work of the kind there appears to be a fine field; but, in order to write one, the author should possess qualifications which do not seem to have been enjoyed by any of the numerous individuals who have hitherto attempted the task.

W. L. C.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is not much to be said about "Light Refreshment of Different Sorts," by F. B. Heathorn, Captain, Royal Artillery (Remington). Both verse and prose failed to refresh us, and the attempts at dramatic composition are simply deplorable. As for "Wet Days at Wimbledon," one is tempted to ask whether a slang expression is to be taken into account.

It is probable that "Poems and Lyrics for Idle Hours," by Charlotte A. Price (F. V. White and Co.), was intended for private circulation; it is the work of a reverent gentlewoman with no special inspiration, and will doubtless give much pleasure to her immediate friends. But the author seems to be a little confused in her ideas at times; there was no apparent reason why a forlorn lady should bend over "her missal" in the privacy of her chamber,—did Miss Price, perhaps, mean "breviary?"—and angels could not well be "of human birth," if revealed religion is to go for anything.

One naturally feels kindly towards such a book as "Honey from the Weed," by Mary Cowden Clarke (C. Kegan Paul); but, apart from the question of sentiment, it contains but little to attract. The occasional pieces were, of course, interesting at the time they appeared, because of the author's name; of the other pieces in the volume it might be thought impertinent to give a just estimate.

The production of "Poems," by J. W. Gilbart-Smith, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford (Field and Tuer), must have cost its author a good deal. A less expensive publication would have brought these clever satires within the reach of a larger public, and we almost grudge their restriction to the wealthy few. The burlesque of the super-sensual school is excellent in its intentional mixture of fairly musical verse with an utter absence of meaning. Nothing could well be funnier than such a clever parody as "A Voice from the Dead," or the burlesque of would-be satirists contained in "Beauty at a Dinner-Party." This latter in its affectation of a certain

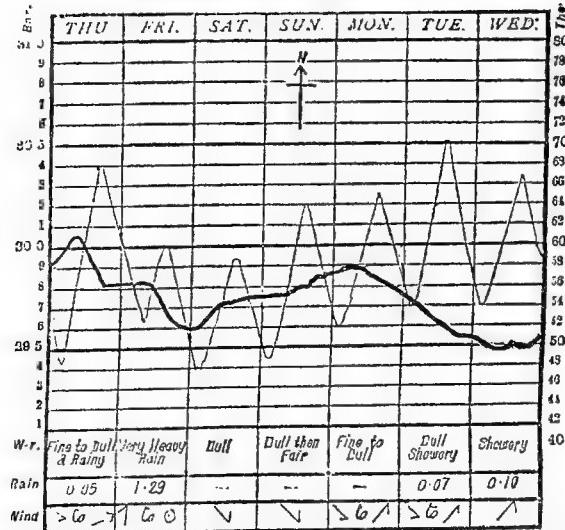
affected vein of pseudo-morality is one of the cleverest things we have seen for some time, and Mr. Gilbart-Smith is to be congratulated on a genuine comic success.

The circumstances of its publication remove "Rhymes in Council," by S. C. Hall (Griffith and Farran) beyond the pale of criticism. The versified aphorisms are wholesome and mostly reasonable; at the same time we may remark that, in the interests of syntax, "Excelsior" could not possibly be written "Persevere," that the aspiration attributed to the son of Sirac was that of Agur, the son of Jakob, and that Gray and Pope may quite probably have known what they were talking about.

The author of "Orellana, and Other Poems," by J. Logie Robertson (Blackwood) is happier in his less ambitious efforts than in the poem of two books, dealing with the discovery of the Amazon river, which names the volume. Mr. Robertson's views on the structure of blank verse are crude in the extreme, such lines cannot really be admitted as "And dulled by the excess of beauty,—if perchance," or "I have marked him fit for noble deeds;" and there is no wealth of imagination or descriptive power to claim forgiveness for such slips. But several of the minor poems are pretty and graceful, especially those in the old homely vernacular; "The Auld Hoose and the New" is striking, and there is a rare lilt about "The Weets o' Baiglie." Some of the Northern sonnets have merit; but *air* does not mean water,—*stream* would have been the truer translation.

There is a great deal of striking and scholarly work, if little poetic originality, in "Bellerophon," by Arran and Isla Leigh (C. Kegan Paul). The joint authors are seen to better advantage in blank verse than in lyric measures; indeed, the choruses and songs of the drama bear too much evidence of laboured workmanship which has not been crowned with success, and are often rhythmically defective, though the minor poem of "The Halcyons" is pretty and musical. But the blank verse is sonorous and good, and at least one passage—viz., Bellerophon's first soliloquy in the forest—rises to a high pitch of excellence. There are occasional evidences of a tendency to use words in an impossible sense for the sake of the metre, which seem to point to juvenile authorship; but, on the whole, the poems deserve praise.

"A Book of Rhyme," by Augusta Webster (Macmillan), should command attention. It contains, besides some reprinted pieces from the author's earlier works, several poems which will sustain Mrs. Webster's reputation; "Disenchanted" is good, and so is "Where Home Was;" "A Coarse Morning" also has pathos.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
AUG. 11 TO AUG. 17 (INCLUSIVE).

EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of the period the northern limit of a large anticyclone lay over the Channel and north of France, and the weather in London was therefore fine and dry, with a moderate breeze from the westward. Towards evening, however, a well-defined depression made its appearance on our western coasts, the anticyclone moved southward, and the weather changed to dull and rainy. The motion of the depression was exceedingly slow, but steadily south-eastward, and as it passed on Friday (12th inst.) across our south-western coasts, steady rain fell for many hours, the amount measured on Saturday morning (13th inst.), when the rain had ceased, being as much as an inch and three-tenths. Since the disappearance of the depression over France numerous small shallow disturbances have passed across the country in an easterly direction, and the weather has therefore remained in a very unsettled state, with showers or slight drizzling rain at frequent intervals. On Wednesday (11th inst.) the showers were very heavy, and latest reports showed that no more settled weather could be expected just yet. Temperature has been very low for the time of year during the greater part of the week, and on Friday (12th inst.) the thermometer did not rise above 60°, while on Saturday (13th inst.) it only reached 59°. The barometer was highest (30.06 inches) on Thursday (11th inst.); lowest (29.47 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range, 0.59 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (70°) on Tuesday (10th inst.); lowest (49°) on Saturday (12th inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 1.51 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 1.29 inches, on Friday (12th inst.).

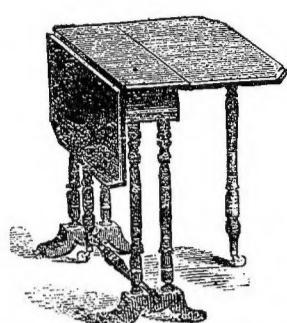
AUGUST 20, 1881

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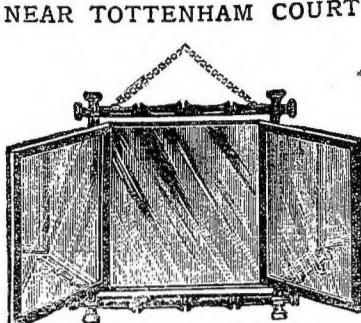
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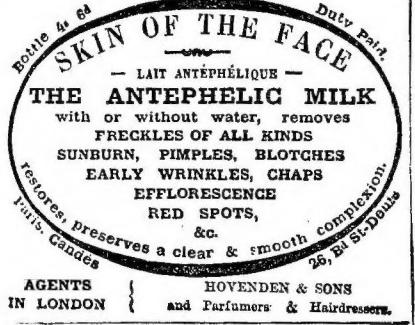
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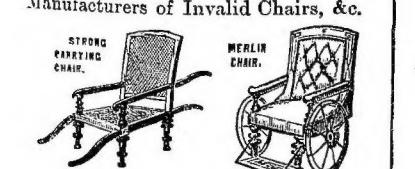
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